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December, 1930

59-4

NATIONAL

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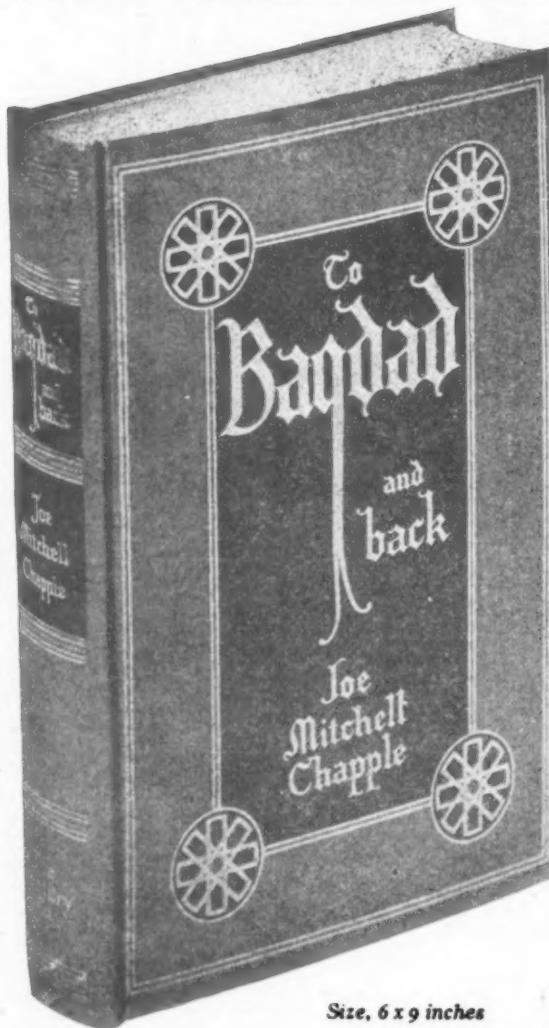
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When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
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By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraachid.

—Tennyson



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Old as the hills: old as
the winds that fan the desert
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features scarred but unsullied by
the hand of Time that laid low
the Eternal City, Bagdad was
old when the mythical story of
Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
and a Book."

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THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

Christmas Greetings Radiate Cheery Hope

Eminent persons from everywhere send to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE messages expressing heartfelt sentiments that are redolent with sublime Christmas spirit

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt Sees Christmas as an Opportunity for Demonstration Day of Kindliness and Good Will

My dear Mr. Chapple—

The true measure of any man can best be taken by testing the intensity and warmth of his affection for children and his interest in the concerns of his fellowmen. These qualities are more easily discoverable at Christmas-time than in any other period. Christmas always offers the opportunity to demonstrate kindness, benevolence, brotherhood and goodwill.

The impulse to do good deeds and to radiate the sunshine of brotherly love is instinctive in all of us. Nothing excites greater satisfaction in the human heart than the consciousness of having done the right. This is particularly true at this season when the present year is fast becoming a retrospect, its sorrows and disappointments relegated to the recesses of memory, and the New Year filled with opportunity for betterment, spiritual and physical, looms up as a glorious prospect. Let us be glad; let us make others happy—that is our duty.

To you, Editor Chapple, and all of your readers A Merry Christmas and wishes for unbounded success during the New Year.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

U. S. Senator Bingham Hails the Christmas Pause for Thought

Dear Mr. Chapple—

I welcome the opportunity you extend to send a message of cordial greeting and Christmas cheer to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Coming as it does so soon after we have celebrated the festival of Thanksgiving for benefits received, and standing almost within the portals of that mysterious closed doorway leading to the New Year and the unknown future, Christmas is a particularly appropriate season for all of us to pause a moment in our hurly-burly lives and give thought to whether as individuals we are consistently doing our part to carry out the spirit of good will and helpfulness to our fellowmen divinely exemplified by the life of Him whose birth the day commemorates. As we perpetuate the age-old custom of bestowing gifts, let us ever remember that "Not what we give, but what we share" embraces the highest interpretation of that spirit as applicable to Christmas-tide.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

PCTNS CNTD SA CHAPULTEPEC MEXICO DF MEX

Joe Mitchell Chapple,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

Fechas Tradicionales final de ano son en mundo
civilizado motive cordialidad Y acercamiento
entre hombres y pueblos gustoso envio cordial
saludo a lectores del importante magazine

"National" de Boston, Mass. con sinceros deseos por
navidad feliz.

Presidente Republica Pascual Ortiz Rubio.

George W. Chadwick, Director of the
New England Conservatory of Music,
Sends a Word of Cheer for the
Chorus of Christmas Greetings

My greetings to editor Joe Chapple and his readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. His work over the years, encouraging everything that looks to progress, and especially the cause of music, harmony, and good cheer, gives me an opportunity of expressing to your readers my appreciation of one who has maintained the Christmas spirit every day through all the years in his radio work, speaking and writing and spreading the gospel of rhythmic living, becoming an apostle of friendliness.

This is one time we appreciate more than ever the mellow spirit of understanding and come closer together in the great chorus of Christmas greetings that always come with the Yuletide.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

The Dean of the Suffolk Law School
Pleads for a New Spirit of Hope

The history of this Nation teaches us that out of every depression or crisis our people invariably emerge with renewed vigor and go forward to new and greater achievements. The industrial crisis of 1930 has borne heavily upon many a home. But we have every reason to believe that around the corner of the new year we shall again rejoice in the bright sunlight of prosperity. The clouds of adversity we hope will then have vanished and the busy hum of industry will then gladden every heart. Christmas-tide should therefore find in us all a new spirit of hope and of faith in the enduring things of life.

GLEASON L. ARCHER.

Translation of Telegram from President
Rubio of Mexico

Traditional holidays are observed by the civilized world to bring men and countries closer to each other in kindred ideals. With joy I am sending cordial greetings to the readers of the very important NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston Mass., with best wishes for a Happy Christmas.

PASCUAL ORTIZ RUBIO.

Thomas A. Edison's Tribute to
"The National"

My dear Mr. Chapple—

You ask me to send a Christmas message for your readers. This is almost like gilding the lily, for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE carries the Christmas spirit throughout the year.

However, I comply with your wish and send to you and your readers a hearty greeting, together with the old-fashioned wish of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THOS. A. EDISON.

Secretary of War Patrick Hurley sends
a Greeting of Peace

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the editor and readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Christmas is more than a season of relaxation and good cheer. It is a period when all Christendom lives in amity and good fellowship. As such it reminds us fittingly of the heights which humanity has yet to scale and of the ability of mankind eventually to make of all the year a festival of "Peace on earth; Good Will to men".

PATRICK HURLEY.

**"Roxy" of Radio Fame Urges Us to
Keep Our Heads Up**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

With all my heart, I want to say to you and the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, "A Merry, Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year".

I urge them to keep their heads up and toward the light, and their shadows will always be behind them.

"ROXY."

**Edgar A. Guest, Sends Us Greetings
That Go Straight to The Heart**

For Joe Mitchell Chapple and the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I am wishing to-day the happiness of Christmas time and a continuance throughout the year of the sweet satisfaction of unselfish labor among men. May the joy Joe Chapple has given to others in this world return to him many fold.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

**The Petroleum Producer, Frank Phillips,
Sends a Flattering Holiday Message**

Joe Mitchell Chapple—

I want to again express my appreciation of the service you are rendering the public by the publishing of your splendid NATIONAL MAGAZINE. I hope that your already large circulation will continue to grow. With best wishes for a happy holiday season.

FRANK PHILLIPS.

**Barron Collier Declares "Peace on
Earth" Most Joyful Song of
The Ages**

To no other people will Christmas come more impressively, more joyfully, more meaningfully than to the people of the United States.

Building our nation upon faith in God and faith in our fellow man, we have reached heights to which the eyes of the whole world turn.

Let us, then, make even more significant the most famous of all songs, "Peace on earth; Good Will to men."

BARRON COLLIER.

**General Edwards Sees Christmas as
Time of Sacrifice**

Dear Joe—

To my mind, I have always said Christ was the most militant character in history. He always reached his objectives and his life was one of sacrifice. What nobler example could American youth have? I always recall that poem of Emerson:

So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So near is God to man,

When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

C. R. EDWARDS.

**General Pershing's Salute to Santa
Claus**

What makes some think Christmas is going out of fashion? How sad for us all it would be if there was neither Christmas nor Santa Claus. What else could stir in our hearts those kindly sentiments toward mankind that lift us above the struggle and the strife of every-day existence? Nothing else! The world needs both.

JOHN J. PERSHING.

**U. S. Senator Copeland Sends a Greeting
That Glorifies Health**

Dear Mr. Chapple—

I hope your readers will have health and happiness during the year to come. This is a dull time. Business is bad. Everybody is depressed over the economic situation. Is not this a good time for everybody to take more exercise in the open air and to do the things which make for better health.

Storing up strength and vigor will mean easier work when times are better. Let us make use of the situation for our physical benefit. When we are physically fit, we think straight. With pure blood we will have pure thoughts.

ROYAL S. COPELAND.

**Secretary of the Interior Wilbur Agrees
That There Should be a Christmas
Every Month in the Year**

My dear Mr. Chapple—

Christmas is still that time of year when human beings behave at their very best. I agree with the little boy who said that he thought there ought to be at least one Christmas every month. The more we can extend the spirit of Christmas, the better it is going to be for our own happiness and for the welfare of our country. I send my greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR.

**Senator Borah Sends a Cheery
Yuletide Greeting**

My dear Chapple—

I am very glad to join with "THE NATIONAL" in sending Christmas greetings to its many subscribers and readers.

The NATIONAL is a wholesome, patriotic magazine, and it is also always a voice of humanity. Let it carry greetings to its readers this year for the Happiest New Year of all.

WM. E. BORAH.

**A Cheery Christmas Sermon in a Paragraph from Dr. S. Parkes Cadman,
the World's Renowned Radio
Preacher**

My dear Friends of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE:

Christmas of 1930 dawns on a troubled world to give it peace, and a world in need to give it relief. If we lose its significance it is because we allow blood to triumph over brains, and lust to laugh at conscience, and greed to stifle generous self sacrificial service.

These things must not be. It is written in the stars that the Republic our fathers founded shall live because it is the instrument of a Divine purpose. Let us have done with the cant of despair, invoke sound sense and moral judgment, determine to share such gifts as God is pleased to bestow with our brothers who are less fortunate than ourselves, live in charity toward all men, and crown the Day of days with goodwill in word and deed. Thus resolving, our Festival will return its blessedness to us a thousand fold and give us that lasting joy which is life's solid strength.

S. PARKES CADMAN.

**Carl Laemmle, Motion Picture Magnate,
is Never Too Busy for a Friendly
Greeting**

Dear Mr. Chapple—

You and I are both in the life occupation of giving enjoyment to other people, you through the columns of the very interesting NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and I in the moving picture field.

Christmas seems like the most appropriate time of the whole year for persons in our position to extend good wishes and to express the happiness that we feel toward our fellow men.

I am delighted at the opportunity that you afford me to convey my heartiest good wishes to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and my sincere hope that they enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CARL LAEMMLE.

**From Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson
Comes Christmas Cheer**

We send the best of wishes to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple, and continued success to their interesting magazine, with the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years as well to all the readers.

ISABEL AND LARZ ANDERSON.

**Irvin Cobb Will Have His Word of
Yuletide Humor**

I tender my Christmas greetings to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, its editor, its publishers and its readers.

We can still believe in Santa Claus even though we remain doubtful about Wall Street.

IRVIN S. COBB.

**Dr. Rowley, President of the Humane
Society, Hails the Echo of the Song
of the Shepherds**

My Dear Mr. Chapple—

You can't say a "Merry Christmas" to everyone. Life's tragedies fall too heavily on many a heart and home for that. But "Merry Christmas" indeed to all to whom the day will bring joy and gladness. Would that every little child might have a "Happy Christmas"! Sincerest sympathy to those to whom the Christmas time will bring only the memory of happier days; yet Heaven grant to these some echo of the song of the shepherds heard long centuries ago.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

**U. S. Senator Hastings of Delaware
Declares for an Old Time Christmas
Spirit**

My Dear Mr. Chapple—

There is no occasion for sadness as the Christmas Season for 1930 approaches. The country is richer in material things than ever before; the people are more charitable. We have accustomed ourselves to want too much and to expect too much. Let us be thankful for what we have. That is sufficient for most of us. Let us share a portion of our surplus with those who are less fortunate.

DANIEL O. HASTINGS.

Channing Pollock, the Dramatist, Pictures the Victories of Adversity as a Christmas Blessing

Mark Twain wrote that "a certain amount of fleas is good for a dog." With Christmas and wide-spread financial depression concurrent, it may not be very cheerful, but it should be extremely beneficial to remember this. We have had too much prosperity. It has given us a false sense of values. We have forgotten the glorious things that money cannot buy; the things of the heart, and mind, and soul. We shall not be harmed by being compelled to turn back to those things. Francis Bacon was not writing cant when he said: "Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." As a nation, our most desperate need has been of a little adversity. My Christmas Wish is that it may teach us something.

CHANNING POLLOCK.

Paul Harris, the Founder of Rotary, Finds Christmas Day Plucked from The Calendar of The Millenium.

We shall not forget the doggerel of childhood: "Christmas comes but once a year, when it comes it brings good cheer."

And why does it bring good cheer? Why does Christmas so stand out in the procession of days?

It is because of the fact that when the order of events is suspended, folks run riot in the efforts to make others happy. Christmas is a day plucked from the calendar of the millenium. All hail Christmas, the greatest day of the year.

PAUL HARRIS.

Arthur Guiterman, the Post, Puts His Christmas Greeting in Rollicking, Ricochet Verse

May your stocking, of cotton, silk or wool,
Be

Tremendously, stupendously,
Abundantly, redundantly,
Invitingly, excitingly,
Appeasingly and pleasingly
Full!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Roger Babson's Thrilling Greeting of Good Cheer

Dear Joe—

Here is my message: "I couldn't be very merry last Christmas, knowing that a bad year was ahead of us, with accompanying unemployment and financial loss. This year, however, I feel very much better, believing that we have seen the worst and conditions will be a little better in 1931." With kindest regards,
I am,

ROGER BABSON.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is Roger Babson's cheerful note last year to the Editor in which the statistician was silent on the subject for which he is world-famed.]

Dear Joe—

Everyone has a Merry Christmas when you are around, so there's no use in wishing them one—it's unnecessary.

R. B.

Hopefulness Based on Faith Comes With Bishop Manning's Blessings

My Dear Mr. Chapple—

The great need of the world at this time is the spirit of friendliness and good will and hopefulness based on faith in God and trust in His goodness and guidance.

It is this spirit which Christmas stirs in our hearts. May its message bring happiness and blessings to you and all your readers.

WILLIAM T. MANNING.

Upton Sinclair Declares in his Christmas Greeting "There is no Excuse for Poverty in America"

I do not see how anybody can be happy at Christmas time in a land so full of the very rich and the very poor. The poor cannot be happy because they are poor, and the rich ought not be happy because others are poor. My Christmas greeting to your readers consists of the information that there is no excuse for poverty in a land which can produce wealth as fast as America can. The fault lies in our social system: the fact that the means of producing wealth is owned by a few, and used for exploitation. If they were owned by the public and used for service, all could have work who were willing to work, and all workers could have comfort.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

George S. Parker of Fountain Pen Fame Finds a Spirit of Thankfulness in Yuletide Greeting

Christmas means to me a period of inventory to realize that I am living in a period of the world where I can see more, enjoy more and get more out of life than probably at any other previous period in the world. It makes me stop and pause and wonder why we of the United States were singled out by the Divine One and permitted to live in a land that is virtually flowing with milk and honey.

One for all of our manifold blessings.
a spirit of thankfulness to the Divine One for all of our manifold blessings.

GEORGE S. PARKER.

U. S. Senator Arthur Capper Sees in Christmas 1930 a Promise of Better Times, Better People, More Contentment

To the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and to its forceful editor, it is a pleasure to send best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a much happier New Year. The year just closing has not been the happiest and most prosperous in the history of this country, nor of the world. But it takes fire and pressure to temper steel, and adversity as well as prosperity enter into character making for nations as well as individuals.

Looking ahead into the years to come, it seems to me I can see better times, better people, more happiness and contentment, than we have today. And to all of you and all of yours I am wishing that these better things will come in fullest measure, and not be too long delayed.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

Louis K. Liggett, President, United Drug Co., Finds Christmas a time to appreciate blessings overlooked in More Prosperous Times

On every side we hear statements and discussions and arguments relating to depression—hard times—business failures—unemployment, and kindred subjects; and we, either from habit or fear, help to spread this doleful propaganda. While conditions are as they are, and we must wait for the change for the better to come, why not help to urge on the better conditions of each one, in their own little circle, spreading the thought that—Times WILL BE better—they MUST be better—they always have come back in the past, and so in the future there will be a turn for the better. These are facts which have never failed any more than the stars have failed to come out from behind the clouds, or the sun to shine when the storm has passed. This is a period of readjustment—while hard for most of us, it is good for all of us, as it slows up the waste that inflation created, and makes us appreciate the advantages which we have been overlooking in the more prosperous times.

LOUIS K. LIGGETT.

Charles M. Schwab Sees Christmas as Starting us on the Road for a Brighter Future

The spirit of Christmas always brings a note of hope and cheerfulness the country over, because it is the festival in which we celebrate the Nativity. The coming of new life into the world brings fresh possibilities and the realization that generations to come will win their way to heights of which we have hardly dreamed. The past year has brought its hardships to many a home, but when we think back to a period even so recent as the War it gives us courage to realize that our people are always undaunted by circumstances and overcome the obstacles in the path. In this season of good cheer we are inclined to look toward the brighter side of the picture and that in itself starts us on the road to a brighter future.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

President of the National Broadcasting Co. Hopes We Will All Tune In on the World Program of Good Will Which Cannot even be fully Expressed in the Spoken or Written Word

I hope the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, as they gather around the radio hearthstone at Christmas, will appreciate the full measure of sentiment expressed in the spoken word. The whole world is broadcasting a spirit of good will—may all tune in on this sublime program—full and understood without words.

M. H. AYLESWORTH.

George B. Cortelyou, Member of the Roosevelt and Taft Cabinets, sends Greetings

Dear Mr. Chapple—

To the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and its readers I extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GEO. B. CORTELYOU.

President Crowley of the New York Central Gives the Hearty Old-Fashioned Greeting

I know of none better than the old time message—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—to you and your readers the reminder that the holiday season comes to us every year.

P. E. CROWLEY.

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, Makes an Elegant Christmas Plea for Remembrance of Children

Christmas is peculiarly Children's Day. Many millions of happy American children will be celebrating Christmas this year. But there are also millions for whom Christmas in 1930 will be an especially unhappy day. Hungry children, anxious mothers, men out of work, will be more unhappy on Christmas Day than any other this winter. We are asking our financiers and our industrial leaders to give their best thought to the prevention of unemployment in the future. But now relief is necessary and we must all give our money and our intelligence to the prevention of suffering—particularly the suffering of children.

GRACE ABBOTT.

Lillian Gilbreth Makes Her Christmas Greeting a Thought for the Unemployed

Give a job! Not only this Christmas season, but all through the coming winter, there will be many in this country who need and want a job more than anything else. It should be our first responsibility to see that jobs are available, and wise spending for Christmas and 1931 should mean men and women back at work and happy to be there.

LILLIAN M. GILBRETH.

General F. T. Hines of the Veterans Bureau Sends Christmas Reminders of our Obligations to God

My Dear Mr. Chapple—

I wish that I might say something not heretofore said that would stimulate the Christmas spirit.

We are living in the age of keen competition and rapid progress. It is well for our souls to be reminded at Yuletide of higher things and our obligations to God. A grateful spirit of Christmas with the full desire to be merry and happy brings us nearer to God and our real selves.

FRANK T. HINES.

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, Asks the Christian World to Pause and Think Over the Teachings of the Man of Galilee

Beset by the stern problems of material existence it is well that the Christian world pause during this Yuletide season and contemplate the spirit and teachings of the Man of Galilee. From such contemplation may come a better appreciation of the finer elements of life and a greater recognition of the mutual problems of all.

JOHN L. LEWIS.

Hon. Charles Curtis, Vice-President of the United States, Asks us to Think More of the Spiritual Things

Nineteen hundred and thirty years ago, God, through the voice of his angel, delivered this message to humanity: "Peace on Earth. Good Will to Man". In those few words is summed up the ultimate of life here below. Peace on earth can only come through man's good will toward his fellowman. The full measure of resulting benefit to the individual, the nation, and the world, needs little pondering to be understood by all.

This is a material age. We have wandered far from the words of God. Let us return to them, for they contain all we seek, all the heart desires.

Do you bear ill-will toward any man? Then cast it forth. Do more, enshrine in its stead, good-will. Then, truly can we rejoice that on this day Christ the Savior was born.

Our economic ills are an effect, not a cause. The cause is a widespread spiritual illness of our people. Let us but heed, not ignore, the words of God and the teachings and example of Jesus. Thus we shall understand, and understanding, benefit, by the greatest message ever sent: "Peace on Earth. Good Will to Man."

CHARLES CURTIS.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, Has a Message of Good Cheer

The Christmas season is itself an invitation to good cheer and good will. Both are needed in 1931 as they have rarely been needed in recent years. We must have good cheer in order that we may look on the bright side of things and gain stimulus and incentive to aid in that advance and improvement which alone can justify our hopes and satisfy our needs.

In like fashion we require good will in order to break down the barriers which separate individuals, groups, classes, and nations, and to lead us to move more rapidly toward that happy day when all men can work heartily together for the establishment and protection of the peace of the world and for the greater satisfaction of all mankind.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Ben Ames William Finds Inspiration In The Holidays

Dear Mr. Chapple—

Of course I believe in Christmas, and I sometimes think, in Santa Claus, too. Christmas has been the inspiration of so many people for so many generations, that almost anything we say runs the risk of being called hackneyed. So I revert to the simplest form of all and wish your readers, one and all, "A Merry Christmas."

BEN AMES WILLIAMS.

Senator T. J. Walsh of Montana Sends Greeting

Let us all try to emulate the example of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and entertain the Christmas spirit all the year around.

T. J. WALSH.

Gamaliel Bradford, the Sage of Wellesley, Writes Words of Wisdom

The message not only of Christmas cheer but of sober common-sense in a time of somewhat general depression and discouragement like the present is not to think of today only but to look ahead. No doubt it would have been a good thing if we could have done this a little more in the days of exhilaration, of joyous confidence, of careless expansion. If we could have remembered that dark hours must come and done a little more to prepare for them, we could have better met the shock. It always pays to look ahead, in dark days and bright both. But especially now we should realize that the dark will not last forever, and that patience, cheerfulness, and a steady persistence in the best thing to be done for the moment will see us through.

The main thing is to do our own part well and not worry too much as to whether others are doing theirs. The great is made up of littles, the whole United States is made up of you and me and a few millions very much like us. If we color our lives with hope and strengthen them with effort and stiffen them with courage, and if everybody does as we do, the cloud will gradually dissipate, and Christmas two years hence will be as bright and hilarious with prosperity and cheerfulness as Christmas two years ago.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Governor Frank G. Allen of Massachusetts Sends Hearty Greetings For a Season of Happiness and Cheer

Again I have the privilege of extending to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE my hearty wishes that Christmas may be for them this year a season of happiness and cheer and that the New Year may prove the fulfilment of every hope.

FRANK G. ALLEN.

Irving Fisher Expects the Upturn to Follow the Christmas Greeting

My Dear Mr. Chapple—

May I add to the Christmas greetings to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and through it to all your readers; the thought that the nation is now approaching the end of a business depression, and that it may expect soon after this Christmastide an upturn. It will mean renewed opportunity for the thrifty to invest hopefully, for those willing to earn to have more abundant employment, and for the nation to reap in enjoyment from its abilities to produce. Christmas this year should be a harbinger of prosperity.

IRVING FISHER.

Arthur Brisbane Expresses a Wish For Old and Young

Dear Mr. Chapple—

I have your letter. I think that the best Christmas wish for old people is that they may take life quietly and enjoy it peacefully and for young people that they may work hard and make themselves independent while the opportunity offers.

A. BRISBANE.

Christmas Greetings Radiate Cheery Hope

Comments by the Editor

CHRISTMAS greetings from famous folks to the readers of the NATIONAL are more impressive in 1930 than in many previous years. There is a note of sincerity and mellowness—a serious constructive thought for the welfare of others—never before so emphatically stated with cheery words. The fact is revealed that all the people are thinking along similar lines at this time. Letters from eminent thinkers as well as the hard-pressed industrial leaders have the same trend.

Significantly, more people this year have made their salutations a matter of more serious consideration and purpose than could be conveyed in perfunctory or traditional phrases. The dominant thought of children pervades, with the startling realization that, after all, we are but children, learning things as we grow older out of the travail of experience.

These letters will bear re-reading as they represent a symposium of men and women who have been in depression battles before. The courage of the employee in looking in the face of a situation of no work and no income is also evident in the employer casting about, scraping the bottom and drawing upon his own life insurance and every possible reserve to keep going

compete successfully, with his white hands and pale complexion, with the sturdy men used to outdoor work. And yet many of these men may have been the ones who have cared for the plans and details that have directly and indirectly made it possible to

of Christmas trees. Bishop Manning seems to want to reach out his hand and give in person a blessing, as he proclaims his faith in friendliness and in God. Carl Laemmle in his motion picture work plans a production of stupendous pictures with thoughts of helping along, while Cecile DeMille "shoots" one of those vivid scenes of Christmas that have been suffused with the ideal of glorifying Holy Writ.

As executive of one of the largest educational institutions in the world, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler finds the fundamental of life rooted in the eternal faith. Gamaliel Bradford, sage, philosopher, and eminent biographer, comments effectively on conditions to-day as a preparation for greater things tomorrow than have ever been known in history. Governor Roosevelt of New York looks with eyes front fearlessly into the future, with unflinching faith in humankind. Senator Arthur Capper digresses from his intensified study of agriculture to an ever-widening conception that all mankind is sowing or reaping in one way or another. With a sense of humor fraught with deep seriousness, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur speaks not only from experience as a member of the cabinet, but as a doctor healing the sick and an educator of youth, admitting that he agrees with the boy who wanted to have a Christmas every

Otis Skinner Finds Christmas a Time of Mellowed Sweetness

In the turmoil of a world torn by isms; election controversies, warring nations, radios and bad gin it is sweet relief to find the moment in which to sit down and whole-heartedly wish your readers a merrier Christmas and a glad New Year.

OTIS SKINNER.

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## Nixon Waterman Rhymes his Message From "Fair Acres" at Canton, Mass.

Dear Joe—  
Comes Christmas time again  
"And on earth peace good will toward men,"  
And I wish much cheer for thee and thine,  
As I know you wish for me and mine.

NIXON WATERMAN.

continue great public improvement projects on a large scale involving manual labor.

With others I find myself starting off with a cheery note of greeting and unconsciously shifting off to a discussion of the seriousness of the situation. All agree that while there may be some distressing situations yet to face, they feel, irrespective of figures and calculations, that the tide must and soon will turn with the New Year. These times might well teach us self-control of mind as well as our physical appetites—those habits and desires that need correction.

The soul of America is being revealed again as it was during the war. Perhaps this is the condition that precedes the great battle for peace. Through this adversity we are able to envision as never before the conditions of others. I can see Dr. S. Parkes Cadman stopping in his busy study to broadcast with his own hand a personal greeting that expresses his feeling in

## Hamlin Garland, Novelist, Sends His Greeting Across the Continent

*You are right. These are the times when the friendly spirit among all of us is necessary. In times of trouble we appreciate Christmas cheer. Even from far-off California, I hasten to send endorsement of your plan, with best wishes to you and all your readers.*

HAMLIN GARLAND.

## Temple Bailey, The Authoress, Commends the Joyous Faith in Life

Dear Mr. Chapple—

*I am sure that while Christmas comes but once a year to most of us, it comes every day to the "Attie." There's an air of cheer, of general hospitality, as if every Christmas the stream of good will overflowed and watered the whole year with living happiness.*

*And so I shall not wish to you and Mrs. Chapple and THE NATIONAL a Merry Christmas, because you will have it whether I wish it or not. But for the months of 1931 may all good things come to you in the measure of your own joyous faith in life.*

TEMPLE BAILEY.

and provide employment for those who have been so loyal and faithful through all the years. The man out of a job does not worry any more than the employer who is out of revenue, with his fixed charges going on. He is as much worried about a job for his men as the men are for their jobs.

The most pathetic phase of the situation is not all for the man who works with his hands; it is the million "white-collared" workers, each of whom has worked a lifetime with frugal savings only to find that he does not have an equal chance with the workingman for employment. The millions of money unloosed for employment during this month in public works does not help him out, because these jobs are largely for men who can do, and are accustomed to do, manual labor. In this he is not able to

print, to be remembered even longer than the spoken word. Charles M. Schwab casts his eye over the accumulated industrial reports on the big table and catches the vision

## J. Montgomery Flagg Insists Upon Having a "Night Before Christmas"

*The verse or doggerel that came to my mind as having a real thrill for me was—don't laugh too loud—"The Night Before Christmas!" We have come through so many cynical years it gives me a chuckle to think what would happen to anyone in a New York night club who got up and recited that—and yet there are clinging to those illy-written lines real nostalgia of childhood—joy such as we will never know again. It is not maudlin, it is real. Am I wrong?*

J. MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

month in the year. Irvin S. Cobb, in his rollicking comment, has a real ring of sincerity.

The poet, Arthur Guiterman, puts it all in four lines that are refreshingly rhythmic in expressing the Christmas sentiment of this year. There is a rift in the clouds when Roger Babson confesses that he is an optimist in the glow of this Christmas-time. Along comes Louis K. Liggett, the eminent American merchant with direct contacts in all parts of the country, noting the silver lining in the clouds and suggesting that when we tune in and begin thinking together that all's right with the world, a vital influence will be found for hastening a new era of real prosperity.

With an all-comprehensive heartfulness that resulted in the founding of the Rotary organization, Paul P. Harris, the founder, comes forth and proclaims the old, but ever true message of Christian friendliness.

When the telephone operator called me up to receive a message, she started very bravely with the date, and the City of Mexico, and began to read. The word

**Famous Motion Picture Director, Directs Our Thoughts Toward Christmas as an Antidote for Depression**

*In a year when the thoughts of many have at times dwelt on subjects not as happy as in the past; when there is much suffering and distress, it is especially fitting that we should do all we can, by action and by precept, to increase the world's sum total of joy and cheer at this Christmas season. We have been unduly depressed. To counteract this there could hardly be a better antidote than the spirit of Christmas. Let us again renew our understanding of all that this day means, and permit the optimism of that thought to buoy us up for the bright New Year to come.*

CECIL B. DEMILLE.

"Chapultepec" bothered her, and then as she proceeded she exclaimed, "Oh, it's in Spanish. I'll have to send you the message." It was from Ortiz Rubio, the President of Mexico, and indicates that the Chief Executive of our sister Republic has thoughts and good wishes for neighbors across the boundary. A reproduction of the message is given, but the translation appears with the regular symposium, translated so that all may understand the gracious Christmas sentiment of the President of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson join in their usual gracious way in felicitations that reflect their work of helpfulness. Dr. Francis M. Rowley, heading the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, echoes the cheer of the song of the shepherds, many centuries ago. With

**Dr. Conrad, the Beloved Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, Finds Joy Needed in the World**

*Christmas liberates all the flaming impulses of the soul. It sets the joybells ringing in the heart. Radiating love and good-will occupied every moment of the life of the Nazarene Carpenter. Through the ether blue his glowing Evangel has come making the air tremulous with celestial music through the passing centuries. The whole world is vibrant with the harmonies of the Bethlehem Plain heard first by wondering shepherds.*

*Romance, venture, tragedy and triumph find their highest expression in that life that shone more resplendent than the Star that marked the Advent. Gifts that will gladden, salutations that will cheer earth's millions on the Up-hill road of wearisome duty should heighten the delight of this Christmas season.*

**HAPPINESS AND HELPFULNESS**

*are the catchwords for Christmas. It is the out-going, on-looking, up-lifting life that sweetens and sanctifies and makes life worth living.*

A. Z. CONRAD.

the incisive and dramatic spirit of a playwright, the author of "The Fool", Channing Pollock, graphically intertwines his good wishes with a startling frankness, observing that the nation has been in desperate need of a little adversity to discover its real

virtues. In the manner of a legal mind, Dean Archer of Suffolk Law School includes in greetings the reassuring fact that in every depression or crisis the people emerge with renewed vigor and go forward to greater achievements.

\* \* \*

From the tiny state of Delaware comes a bit of philosophy in the Yuletide greeting of Senator Daniel O. Hastings, who believes that the country is richer in material things than ever before, and that the people are more charitable and kind. Brevity is always characteristic of George B. Cortelyou, a member of the cabinet in the Roosevelt and Taft administrations. His greetings have that steady, well-poised directness that brings good cheer for the Christmas-tide.

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, of the Department of Labor, included in her greeting, a plea for remembrance of hungry children, anxious mothers, and discouraged fathers at this time. General Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs in Washington, sends a greeting that stimulates the Christmas spirit and appeals for a desire to be nearer to God and our real self, as well as to be merry, at Christmas time. Lillian B. Gilbreth starts her greeting with the thought that is naturally uppermost in her mind as a member of President Hoover's Emergency Unemployment Committee. She asks that employment be given not only for the Christmas season but during the long winter ahead. John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, emphasizes his conviction that the Christmas greeting should direct attention to the teachings of the Man of Galilee.

\* \* \*

True to his reputation as the Physician-Senator, Royal S. Copeland of New York designates the present period as the time for people to take more exercise in the open air in order to think healthy thoughts. Governor Allen pauses in his manifold duties as Chief Executive of the Bay State to wish a season of happiness and cheer for the readers of the NATIONAL. Secretary Hurley of the War Department appropriately hopes that the time will come when "Peace on Earth" shall be enduringly attained. George S. Parker, the fountain pen manufacturer, strikes a cheerful note of thankfulness for the happiness of life, while President Crowley of the New York Central Lines still prefers the good time-honored greeting of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, economist extraordinary, strikes a hopeful note in his belief that this Christmas should be a "harbinger of prosperity." That irrepressible reformer, Upton Sinclair, deploras the existent poverty in America, and lays the blame on our social system. Yet his message reveals an undercurrent of optimism through his belief that "there is no excuse for poverty in a land which can produce wealth as fast as America can." President Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company appropriately urges all to "tune in" on the spirit of good will. The Director of the New England Conservatory of Music,

Dr. George W. Chadwick, gives thanks for the spirit of friendliness that is radiated in the yearly chorus of Christmas Greetings.

**The Clarion Christmas Call of Sousa, The March King**

*Christmas will never go out of fashion, as long as love of the Flag and love of the Country remains in the hearts of our people and that, I am sure, will be forever and forever.*

JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA.

♦♦♦♦

**George M. Cohan Sees 1931 With a Real Christmas Spirit**

*It is ever a joy to look back upon the achievements of 1930 and like an unopened Christmas stocking to look forward to 1931. The surprises, pleasures and prosperity before us are something for which we should all be grateful.*

GEORGE M. COHAN.

Over the telegraph wires came a message from America's popular poet, Edgar Guest, who gave the kind of Christmas happiness greeting that compensates for many of the trials of life. President Frank Phillips of the Phillips Petroleum Company pays a pleasing tribute to the NATIONAL, along with Christmas wishes. S. L. Rothafel, better known as "Roxy", director of the Roxy Theatre, New York, sends a fervent "Merry Christmas" and an exhortation to the readers to "keep their heads up and toward the light"—a timely plea in days of depression.

Although a speech is denied him in the Senate, the Hon. Charles Curtis, Vice-President of the United States, sends a good-will greeting to the readers of the NATIONAL, declaring that these are the

**"The Grand Old Man of Sportdom" Rhymes His Christmas Message**

*Through the long weary night we may worry and fret,  
But the sunrise will come—it has never failed yet.  
When clouds are low and all the world is drear,  
Don't fancy that the rain will never cease,  
The sun will shine again, the sky will clear,  
And light the way to happiness and peace.  
The Spring will come with bird-and-blossom days;  
The Summer with its holiday delights;  
The Autumn's glowing skies and woods ablaze;  
With fun and frolic cheering Winter nights.  
Look on the side that is brightest,  
Trouble will vanish like smoke,  
Keep your faith strong while the world's going wrong,  
Don't be the vine, be the oak.*

"DOC" KENDALL.

times when we should think more of spiritual things, joining in the evangelistic appeal characterizing nearly all the letters for mankind to harken more to the words of the Law-Maker, to find the full measure of the human heart's desires.

Reassuring are these greetings of 1930 that hard times have not hardened our



hearts. A new inventory of spiritual values is at hand for the coming year. I find young people indulging in sentiment, the middle-aged in action, and those approaching the sunset of life indulging in reflection. With the realization in Christmas thoughts that the smallest child is nearest to God—yuletide personifies youth.

There was an overflow of Christmas Greetings this year. Many are coming in too late to appear in this issue but we are showering the overflow in these later pages for good measure. It is a record year for heart-felt and sympathetic Yuletide salutations. President Harbord of the R. C. A. in his message from New York foresees a new era in human progress, as typified in the Christmas spirit, while Elsie Janis from California wishes for others as much sunshine in their lives as she has been enjoying in that state.

Poetry seems to offer a favorite vehicle for expressing the Christmas spirit. Like Arthur Guiterman, Nixon Waterman wished "much cheer for thee and thine" in poetical form, while the versatile sportsman of Boston, "Doc" Kendall, rhythmically exhorts us to look on the bright side of life, as he has done during his more than seventy years. Other writers give vent to similarly impressive salutations. Ben Ames Williams confesses that he still believes in Christmas and Santa Claus. Temple Bailey, the author of "Peacock Feathers" and other well-known novels, expresses her approval of year-round good will and "joyous faith

#### J. C. Penney Expresses the Joyful Inspiration of the Christmas Month

Another Christmas is about to add its glowing gem to the lustrous necklace of the years, and once again I am privileged to extend Christmas greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" was a proclamation of momentous meaning.

It is fitting, therefore, as we come to this anniversary of the world's greatest of all glorious events that we join the universal chorus in singing "Gloria in Excelsis. Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." It is apparent that this spirit of "Peace on Earth" is slowly but surely becoming the guiding spirit among nations throughout a large part of the world today. If the consummation so devoutly to be hoped for be attained—that of Universal Peace—it will make of this old world a far more desirable place in which to live than it has been under a regime of discord and of war upon the slightest pretext. Let us then, on this anniversary of the greatest event in the world's history, join in singing "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come."

J. C. PENNEY.

the World", John Phillip Sousa, predicts that Christmas will be in fashion as long as Americans love their country, which will be "forever and forever."

Leaders in every walk of life unite in extolling the sublimity of Christmas. Dr. A. Z. Conrad, the able pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston, breathes a prayerful message for the "up-lifting life that sweetens and sanctifies and makes life

#### Elsie Janis Says Much in Four Lines

I wish your readers as much sunshine and happiness as we are having here in California and that life may be filled with joy.

ELSIE JANIS.

worth living." A representative of the best in the business world, Barron Collier, who recently showed his own good will in his leadership in the "Lipton Good Will Cup" movement, attributes the success of the American people to faith in God and our fellow men, and urges "Good Will to men." Another of this group, J. C. Penney, forgets business in his fervent prayer for peace.

#### William H. Rankin, the Advertising Agent, Says it all With a Check

Dear friend Joe—

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

You do so much to spread good cheer to other people, and are so helpful in so many ways, that you can never be repaid, except in a life subscription to Joe Chapple's Magazine. This would be a very definite form of endorsement of what you have done during the past twenty-five years, and what you will undoubtedly do during the next twenty-five years.

I want to wish you and Mrs. Joe health, happiness, peace and contentment, mingled with the greatest prosperity for the year 1931.

WILLIAM H. RANKIN.

Thomas A. Edison, the greatest inventor the world has ever seen, sends the old-fashioned wish of a Merry Christmas. Two foremost figures in American statesmanship, the Senators William E. Borah and Thomas J. Walsh, approve the NATIONAL as a year-round vehicle of the Christmas spirit. Leaders in military affairs in America express their appreciation of the yuletide. General Pershing feels it to be a means of stimulating affection for mankind in our hearts, while General Edwards, "Daddy of the Yankee Division," recommends for American youth the noble example of Christ.

Senator Bingham of Connecticut regards the Christmas season as a time for self-appraisal according to Christ's standards, as a time when we should concern ourselves with "Not what we give, but what we share." The former Senator from New York, James Wadsworth, Jr., gladdened my Christmas days with words of cheer.

\* \* \*

As the yuletide messages came pouring in I could not fail to observe that there were some names missing in this Christmas roll call. Among them was that of Katharine Lee Bates, the author of "America, the Beautiful," whose greetings in former years seemed to foreshadow a glimpse through the "Gates Ajar" of Heaven the Beautiful.

#### Greetings From The President of The Radio Corporation of America

Dear Mr. Chapple—

James Russell Lowell's immortal lines in "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

"Not what we give but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare"  
has an added significance in the Christmas Season of 1930.

A touch of depression has made the whole world kin. This Christmas Season which finds us all sharing the burdens of our fellow men and striving to lighten the load of unfortunate humanity brings us closer to the fine example of Him whose day we celebrate.

J. G. HARBORD.

Each one of our national observances as holidays has its own distinctive phase; and now merging into one triumphant spirit of Christmas. On New Year's Day renewed resolutions have the afterglow of yuletide. On Washington's birthday comes the tender reverence of Christmas hours. The Fourth of July celebrates joyful news in the spirit with which the shepherds welcomed the star in the East. Labor Day is a tribute to the calling of the lowly-born in the manger. Columbus Day celebrates the ideal of discovery impelled by the Creator to find ourselves. Thanksgiving has always enjoyed the spirit of Christmas in giving thanks to God for spiritual gifts beyond price.

Summing up the widely-varied nature of all our festival days, we find evidence accumulated with the years that the primal source of our great national days of rejoicing reiterates the heaven-heralded message of the Christmas Birthday of the Holy One, "Peace on Earth; Good Will toward Men."

#### Encouraging Words from Former Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr.

Dear Mr. Editor—

Judging from appearances and from all accounts the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is "carrying on." This is as it should be. Christmas is almost at hand and I am sending you this message of congratulation and best wishes as a sort of Merry Christmas offering. I remember well our talks when you were embarking upon your present undertaking, and especially the fine ideals which possessed you then and which you have lived up to as an editor ever since.

J. W. WADSWORTH, JR.

in life." That succinct and influential editor, Arthur Brisbane, wishes peace and contentment for those who have reached the closing years of life. Hamlin Garland endorses the Christmas spirit of friendship, rushing his message from "far-off California."

From the realms of the theatre come rather unexpectedly fervent views of the wholesomeness of Christmas. That outstanding motion picture director, Cecil DeMille, aptly terms the spirit of the yuletide an antidote to counteract depression. The veteran actor, Otis Skinner, feels it refreshing to sit down and wish a Merry Christmas, while George M. Cohan, that irrepressible "man of the stage", felicitously regards the past year as an unopened Christmas stocking. Artists outside the theatre deliver warm messages. J. Montgomery Flagg, the famous illustrator, breaks down and confesses that his Christmas "heart throb" is the somewhat ridiculous "Night Before Christmas." The "March-King of



Copyright, 1908, as Barrett

## At Yuletide

**THE** glories and the pleasures of ye old-time Christmastide,  
When the squire called in his relatives from all the country-side;  
When all men joined in praising God and had their share of cheer—  
The holiest, tenderest, jolliest week of all the English year.

When the curate joined his people as they gathered branch and spray,  
With holly, pine and mistletoe along the forest way;  
And the forester grinned broadly as his axe's trenchant stroke  
Shore the Yule-log's crooked branches from the gnarled and knotted oak.

How the great plow-horses, garlanded, tossed high each glossy head  
As they drew the leaf-hung Yule-log's wain with slow and stately tread;  
How the strong men laughed and jested as they bore the monarch in  
And laid him on his funeral pyre, the ancient hearth within.

And when on Christmas Eve within festivities begun,  
Hosannas to the tiny Babe of Bethlehem were sung,  
And then the Christmas waits begun to go from hall to hall,  
Singing the ancient carols with a feast and fee for all;

When from the ancient steeple the midnight hour outrang  
The lusty ringers waited but to hear the final clang.  
At first their bell rang softly, their notes low, slow and sweet,  
Stole o'er the river's tranquil flow and up the crowded street;

Then in hilarious rhythmic glee the eddying joy-notes rang,  
Telling their message of good will with loud, sonorous clang;  
And all who heard it ceased awhile from feasting song and play  
In memory of the Christ who came to men on Christmas Day.

*Charles Winslow Hall.*





## Affairs at Washington

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*



AN armistice on political acrimonies was declared in Washington as well as in all parts of the Christian world during the hallowed December days. Primarily, it is the month when children reign in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the Christ-child in Bethlehem. At this time people of all ages must be more or less of a child again to feel the real thrills of the Yuletide. From the White House to the humblest

home there is the radiance of light and green, the two symbols of life and eternity. Forests yield their spiral trees, young and old, as a willing sacrifice for the adornment of the occasion commemorating the Natal Day of the Son of their Creator. As the date on the calendar approaches I find everyone commenting on something in relation to that time fixed as the beginning of the Christian Era. In the office of the Chief Executive the callers, ranging from members of the Cabinet, Senators, Department Chiefs, Representatives, Judges, Clerks, and people who pursue nearly every line of human activity, all seemed to have something to say about Christmas, as they gathered or passed through the large lobby, parking their hats and coats on the big table, and rehearsing a happy holiday expression with which to greet the President. Among the visitors that day was a World War veteran who had just received his discharge from the Walter Reed Hospital, where he had spent many months in recovering from wounds received in the Argonne on the last day of the war. "I just came over to thank the President of the United States for what the government has done for me, and to send a personal message to the First Lady of the Land for her kindness on her visit to the hospital while I was there. You know this is Christmas time and I received the greatest gift that can be given—my health. Now I am going home for Christmas." His

blue eyes were fairly shining when he came from the circular room of the President, and he whispered to me as he passed, "I hope the President will have as happy a Christmas as he made possible for me. He is the same Herbert Hoover I met overseas."

ON making my rounds, I found a remarkable spirit of good will prevailing. It was reflected in the declaration made by three former candidates for President, James M. Cox, John W. Davis, and Alfred

E. Smith, who declared that the administration would not be embarrassed or harassed by political maneuvers when dealing with critical and pressing problems like unemployment. It was accepted as something more than a gesture of party maneuver by Senator Watson, the leader of the Republican party in the Senate, and the spirit of it prevails despite the protests of Democrats who dissented from the decree of the candidatorial trio. They stood pat, defying the hidebound partisans who seemed to put party power and success above feeding the hungry and recruiting employment for the needy. Even on the proposition of an extra session, Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic floor leader of the Senate and former Vice-Presidential



*A little child, "God's Masterpiece", is the inspiration for the Child Welfare Conference and for Golden Rule Week*

candidate, insisted that the business of the government should come first and be dispatched without the delay of forcing an extra session on the President along with all the other troubles he has had to face. The insurgents—sitting pretty with their balance of power—are "laying low," preparing some effective sharpshooting before the organization of the 72nd Congress, for they appreciate more than ever the value of that single vote, which now practically holds the balance of power between the two parties in Congress. Blocs will not be measured by numbers. The expeditious dispatch of appropriation bills and a measure of debate on the



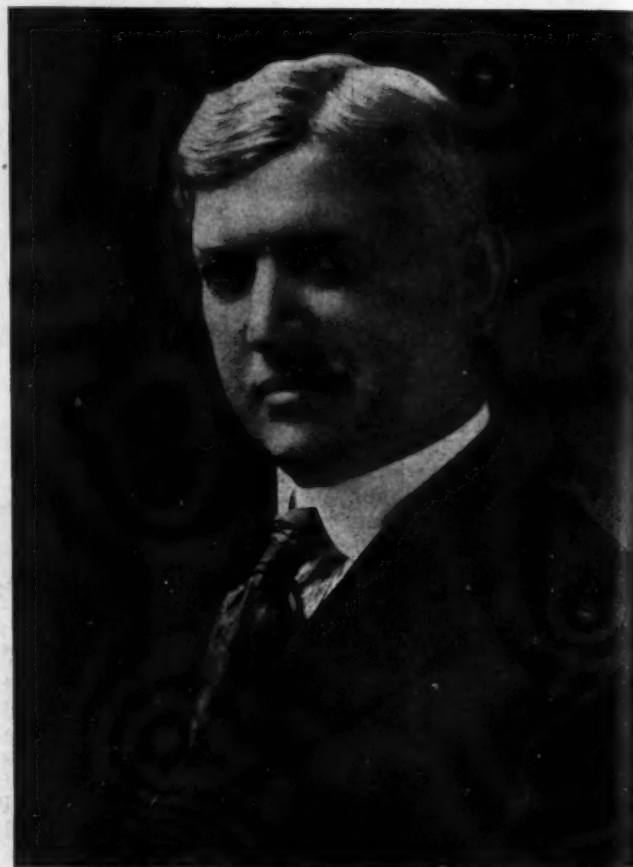
*The Hon. Daniel O. Hastings, in his first political campaign, elected to the Senate by the people of Delaware*

unemployment situation is prophesied as the final number on the program of the expiring 71st Congress.

**I**N the glow of Christmas-time the child welfare Convention convened in Constitution Hall. The presiding officer was Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, who as a physician and educator has been deeply interested in this subject for many years. The opening address by President Hoover was a real "heart throb," counted one of the most tender, human, and sympathetic addresses he has ever made. It reflected the feeling of an orphan boy for the childhood not only of America but the world at large, which he has so ably served. The address by Secretary Davis was also a keynote speech that came from the heart, indicating that his great life-work has been centered in Mooseheart, the "City of Childhood," where practical work has long been done along the lines of child welfare. At the convention there were representatives from every state and territory. The departmental meetings were especially fruitful of ideas that were crystallized into a definite plan of action. The real work is to be carried on by local committees familiar with the circumstances inspired by the epoch-making purpose of this notable meeting of child welfare workers. Secretary Wilbur summarized the work of the convention in a radio talk that further impressed not only the delegates present but the general public with the supreme importance of making child welfare work something more than a name, enlisting the heart interest of the people at home, in looking after the little ones in their neighborhood or community. There

were many distinguished guests at the conference but with becoming modesty, they took a back seat unobserved. When, however, someone discovered the presence of Colonel Lindbergh and his wife there was a commotion. The Colonel is recognized by American youth of to-day as a worthy example of young American manhood. Many representatives of foreign countries were present, including representatives from Russia and the Orient, indicating the world-wide scope and influence of this notable gathering.

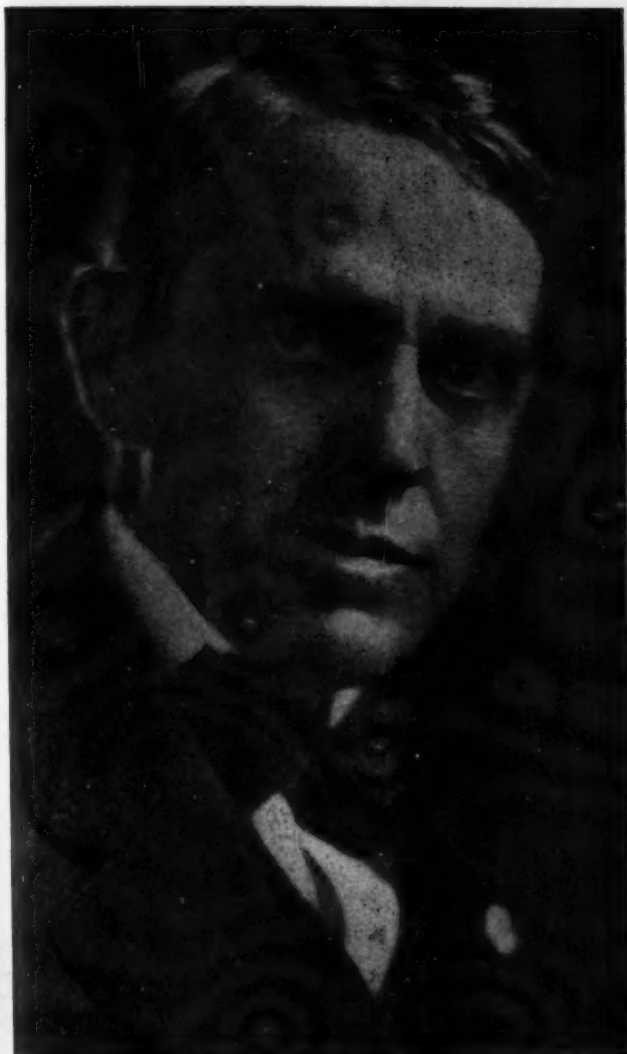
**A** SEQUEL to the Child Welfare Convention is the call of help for childhood that has been so ably carried on by the committee whose activities have expanded to all parts of the world under the efficient direction of Dr. Albert Shaw. Golden Rule Sunday has become an institution in the United States, teaching that sacrifice is a part of helpfulness. The picture of a little child is ever appealing. One of the pictures of the campaign that has touched the hearts of millions is the little one saying prayers in the glow of twilight. I could not resist observing the people as they looked upon this "picture of pictures" of childhood. The design showing the world circled with children was equally impressive, revealing the all-embracing work for the future of humanity in caring for children. The Golden Rule campaign emphasized the need for supplying the necessities of the children in Porto Rico, for whom Governor Theodore Roosevelt pleads. When it was demonstrated that five cents will provide a meal for a Porto Rican child, the point was driven home how easy it would be for everyone to slice a few pennies from one meal a day during Golden Rule Week and feel the better for it physically, to say nothing of the gratification such a small sacrifice would bring to that inner instinct inherent in the American heart to want to help someone.



*Senator-elect Dickinson of Iowa, farm leader, promoted to the Senate from the House*



**W**HEN the roll is called up yonder on the hill next December, there will be many new faces in the Senate and in the House. In the roster of those present and returned is the veteran William Edgar Borah, who will continue his luncheons of a Big potato, and keep them guessing. His restful days in New England for the summer were recuperative as well as recreative. Senator Capper the "old-timer from the Sunflower State" will continue on in his work despite party appeals in eruptive Kansas. Senator Couzens had a majority that resembled the increase of the Ford Motor business when he was treasurer of that concern. Carter Glass, the little dynamo from Virginia, who has seen service in the Treasury Department, has no fear of living in Glass houses, even if he does throw hot bricks. Senator D. O. Hastings received a most hearty endorsement in little Delaware, where the voters insist that his initials characterize their Senator as a "doer." Senator Norris of Nebraska, returns with his political muscles well developed for an impending victory for government control of Muscle Shoals. He still retains an armament of farm relief pitchforks that are politely called harpoons in the Senate—when the big whales are about. For years Congressman Dickinson of Iowa has been a recognized authority on farm crops. He was born on a farm, earned his way through college by doing farm work, and is a leader in agricultural legislation, so that his promotion from the House to the Senate from the voters of the Buckeye State was an evidence that tall corn still flourished out that way.



Senator Arthur Capper, ex-Governor of Kansas and publisher of several journals



The Hon. James Couzens of Michigan, who continues his tenure in the Senate beginning in 1922

**D**OMINANT in the minds of not only the United States but the world at large is the question of unemployment. It transcends as well as embraces all other questions of the hour in the closing days of 1930 A. D. The question has commanded the attention and thought of every individual in one way or another. With granaries bulging with provisions, we find people in want and crying for food in the United States of America. With a surplus of coal, people are suffering from cold. With capacity and materials for clothing, enough to clothe the entire country anew for six months, there are many needing garments to protect themselves adequately. With iron and steel production capable of a building program surpassing all in history, with lumber and other materials ready to prepare a good roof for every family, with factories capable of providing new shoes for the entire nation, with coffee and sugar at the lowest price known in history, with bank vaults filled with idle money, over three million people in our own country, to say nothing of the millions in Europe, are walking the streets to find a job to provide the necessities of life. In other words, a panic prevails in the world that vitally concerns nearly every human being who greets the



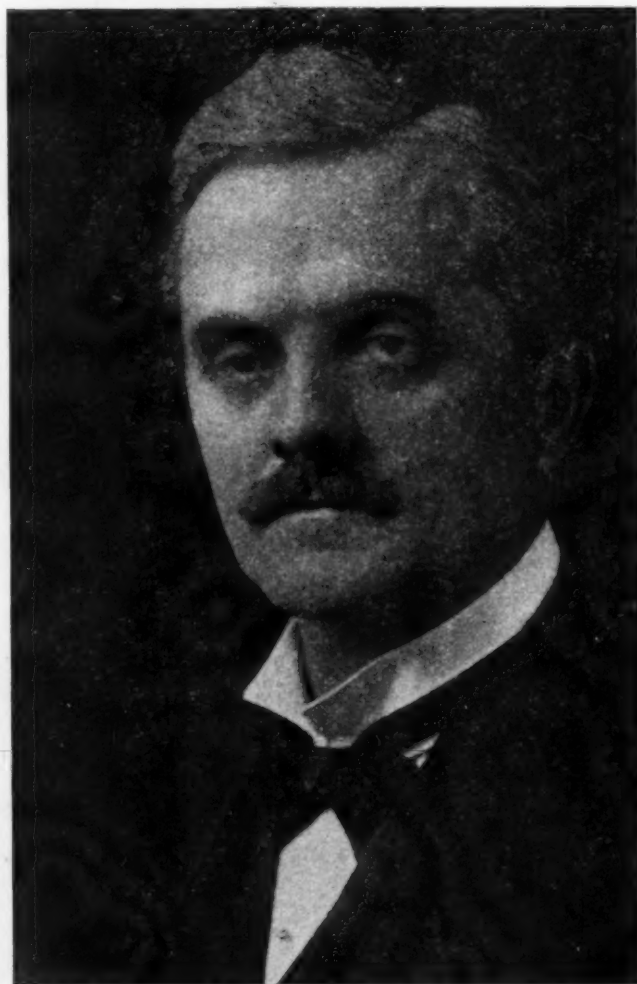
Ignace Jan Paderewski, premier pianist of the world

New Year. And yet, with this inexplicable paradoxical situation there prevails a hope that it is only the travail through which civilization is passing on to a new order of things. The old Czar rule of industry has passed. The fellowship and interdependence of all the people on earth was never more graphically portrayed than in the situation that appals leaders, experts and all thinking people. Panaceas and all phases of psychological operations favorably regarded in the past have been scrapped. Einstein's theory is no more cryptic and incomprehensible than the relativity of conditions that exist today, which would seem to be a more immediate concern than the obtuse relativity of matter—unless this provides the mystic key for solving the economic problems that prevail. Professor Einstein is making another pilgrimage to America and it may be that his theory, confessedly understood by only twelve living men, may suggest the comparative situation with reference to the understanding of the old fundamental functions of life, and that is the question of distribution, which dates back to the days of Adam Smith. We know that the people of the earth can produce and are producing enough, and more than enough, to provide for all; and yet the gaunt spectre of want stalks about like something of the grim aspect of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

THE market remains stable so far as senatorial representation is concerned, but not so the representation of the House, which is due for a reapportionment, as provided in the Constitution, based on the last census reports of 1930 that one hundred and twenty million persons constitute the population of the U. S. A.—something of an increase from the five million reported in the census of 1800, less than the population of the City of New York today. The reapportionment reveals a numerical loss in many of the older states, such as Massachusetts, which suffers the

loss of one. On the other side of the ledger we find the Golden State of California leading the procession with nine more representatives in Congress. This reapportionment may affect the political checkerboard to an extent, for it transfers more power to the West and to the large cities.

THERE was a night of real music in the White House when Ignace Jan Paderewski on a visit to Washington was entertained at the Executive Mansion. A brand-new Steinway, perfect in every appointment and tone, was provided for the distinguished artist. It was more than the visit of the world's most famous pianist, for President and Mrs. Hoover had met Ignace Paderewski in Europe during his struggle for his beloved Poland and the ancient ensign of the White Eagle. Mr. Paderewski was premier of his native land, for which he did so much in freeing it from the rule of the Czars. Ever since he first came to America under the direction of the Steinways, Ignace Paderewski has seemed to belong to this country. His ardent and unselfish devotion and sacrifice to the cause of the allies during the World War won for him a secure place in the hearts of the people of this country. I have met him many times on a tour, but never have I witnessed such a triumph as in Symphony Hall during the war when he made that eloquent plea for his cause with his soul speaking through the ivory keys.



Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska who continues his senatorial fight for farm relief



# Dean Archer and Suffolk Law School

*How one man, imbued with an indefinable enthusiasm and an infinite energy, succeeded in building a law school in twenty-five years that ranks among the largest of the world*

IN the cycle of a quarter century, the largest law school in Boston was born, and struggled and won its laurels. It has become a leading institution in the country for the training of not only successful lawyers, but also of the legally-trained who detour into business and industrial careers. It was launched to meet a growing need "of knowing more law" in these days of complexities, when no business can be conducted without some general knowledge of the processes that result in adding over one million new laws annually to the millions already embalmed in city, state, and federal statute books.

Seated next to Gleason Archer at a banquet table, I found myself listening to his comments on passing questions as intently as the millions who hear his distinct words and lucid phrases over the radio. Dean Archer cannot converse without teaching. At his right sat former Governor E. N. Foss, who, while chief executive, gave Mr. Archer a "Pleasant Easter" greeting by vetoing the legislative bill granting Suffolk Law School the right to grant degrees. It was significant when the erstwhile governor congratulated the blushing Dean on his success, despite his executive and legislative disapprobation of adding any more institutions from which to recruit attorneys.

"Your boys in the class are helped to dissolve difficulties by one who has been through the mill," said the former Governor good-naturedly as a parting shot.

As they separated, the slim, tall form of Dean Archer rose as he took the hand of the large-framed ex-Governor—like two gladiators after the fray.

There were many interesting talks and much good music that night, but between bites and during the lulls between courses, I was taught more real law than at any one sitting in my school days. I fired at him all the accumulated queries that had evolved from the kinks of a busy life, and with a few simple words passed him the salt as a retainer. I soon realized I was face to face with one who had directly instructed thousands of students, not to mention the millions in his radio audiences.

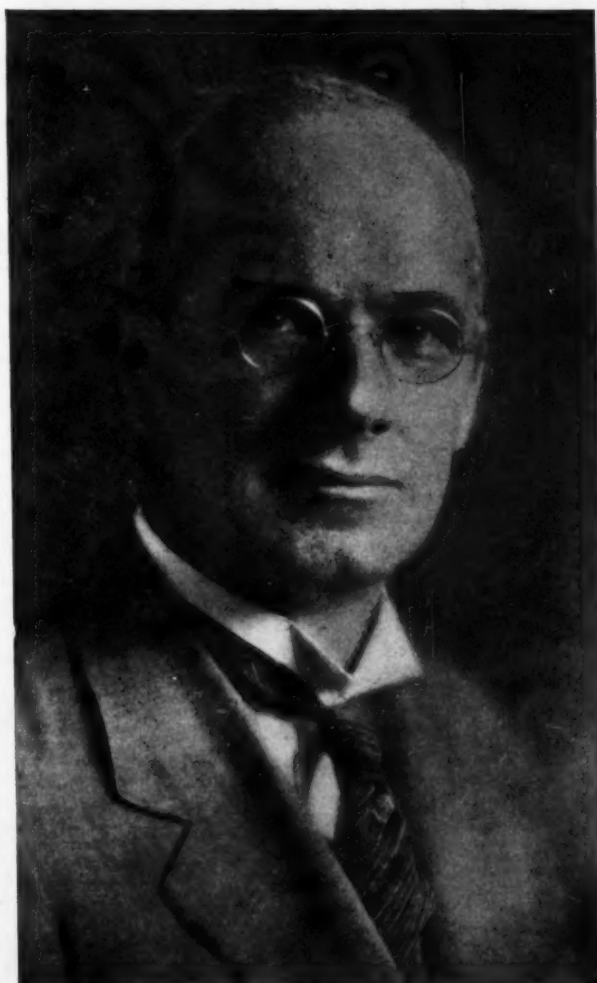
We exchanged signed menu cards. On a rainy day shortly after, I made a pilgrim-

age to Beacon Hill to see Dean Archer in action among his boys. In his "retreat," far up on the roof, I gleaned from him some of the details of his eventful career.

Twenty-five years ago, on a sunny October day, two young men were discussing a

proposition inspired a dream in the mind of the young man addressed. Today that dream is realized. He is now referred to, and internationally known as, Dean Archer, the founder and builder of the Suffolk Law School, an institution that probably prepares more men for legal careers than any other school in the world.

Its amazing growth from fourteen students in 1906, the first year, to two thousand six hundred and four in the banner year of 1927 has been no easy achievement. Few institutions have faced—and survived—such seemingly insurmountable obstacles as has the Suffolk Law School, with almost the entire burden weighing on the shoulders of Gleason L. Archer. He conceived the school, nurtured it through the throes of the early days, stood steadfastly by it during the stormiest trials, and now, in its consummation, fondly regards his creation, a fulfillment of his ideas and ideals. So intimately has his life been bound up with his institution that the record of his career is indissolubly associated with the history of Suffolk Law School.



Gleason L. Archer, LL.D., the creator, builder and Dean of the Suffolk Law School of Boston

question of law in the "Hub of the Universe." They were perched on a seat made of text books. One turned to the other, a second-year law student, and said: "Mr. Archer, I wish I could study law. I've always had a hankering for law, but have been working since I left high school. Why can't you teach me? I'd be glad to pay you for it, and I know a young fellow that I think would like to study with me." This

Gleason Leonard Archer was born at Great Pond, Maine, on October 29, 1880. One of a large family, he was brought up in Hancock County at Plantation 33, a little backwoods town that could boast of but seventy-five inhabitants and was, as he describes it, thirty-five miles from everywhere. At the age of thirteen years he became a cook in a lumber camp, where, despite the taunts of his associates, he devoted his leisure moments to study. When he was nineteen, he entered the Sabbathus (Maine) High School, earning his way by doing every sort of work, from farming to journalism, that offered itself. From 1902 to 1904 he attended Boston University College of Liberal Arts. He then transferred to the law department, accomplishing the three years course in two years. The year 1906 was the turning-point in his career. It was then that he graduated from law school, gained admission to the Massachusetts Bar, and founded the Suffolk Law School. He secured his most important certificate when he married Miss Elizabeth Snyder in October, 1906. She has proved a real help-mate in the

great task that has provided his life-work.

"Why can't you teach me?" These words of his friend, who was thirsting for a knowledge of law but was without the time for study required by the established schools, rang for days in Gleason Archer's ears. In 1905 he made the momentous decision and, on October 19, delivered his first lecture as a teacher of law. A group of eight men, one of whom was a visitor, constituted the first class. But it was in the following year that the law school may be said to have been actually founded, classes being held in the sitting room of a simple apartment in Roxbury, Massachusetts, with an enrollment of fourteen during this first year. In accordance with the policy that has been followed since that time, the school moved in 1907 to larger quarters to provide for the increasing number of students, the number for the second year reaching forty-four. Again, from 1909 to 1914, the institution was established in the famous Tremont Temple to meet the demand for adequate space for those already enrolled.

During the first eight years the very life of the growing college of law was constantly threatened. Intense opposition came from the camps of the rival schools of Greater Boston that catered to the same type of student. A bitter legislative battle raged for three years over the charter urged by Dean Archer to bestow degree-granting powers upon the Suffolk Law School. In March, 1914, the Hon. David I. Walsh, then Governor of Massachusetts and now a member of the United States Senate, signed the charter, thereby opening an almost unprecedented period of growth for Gleason Archer's institution.

Three months after the signing of the charter, the Suffolk Law School purchased a large building at 45 Mt. Vernon Street in Boston, but a three hundred per cent increase in the enrollment during this year of 1914 necessitated further expansion, and the following year an annex was constructed.

The close of the World War in 1918 inaugurated a new era of growth. In the month of October, 1919, Dean Archer pointed to the need of a more spacious school home and launched a campaign to build the edifice that is used today. It was an inauspicious time to start such an ambitious program—post-war conditions made construction an especially hazardous undertaking. Despite one of the worst building crises in the history of Boston and despite innumerable financial difficulties, particularly the lack of an adequate endowment, the corner stone of the main building was laid

by Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts on August 4, 1920. The dedication occurred the following year. The school continued to grow in its enrollment by leaps and bounds, requiring still more room, which was provided by the purchase of adjoining land on which an annex was constructed, and opened for classes in 1924. The Suffolk Law School was then completely established in its present quarters, within the shadow of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill in the very heart of Boston.

What an awe-inspiring contrast between the school Gleason Archer started a quarter century ago and the one he presides over to-day! From a modest Roxbury apartment the Suffolk Law School has expanded until the buildings now cover almost an entire city block. From a room that seated fourteen students, the law school now has a seating capacity of three thousand five hundred. Each of the four floors of the annex contains a hall that seats four hundred students—each hall holding three times as many students as there were in the entire school in 1913.

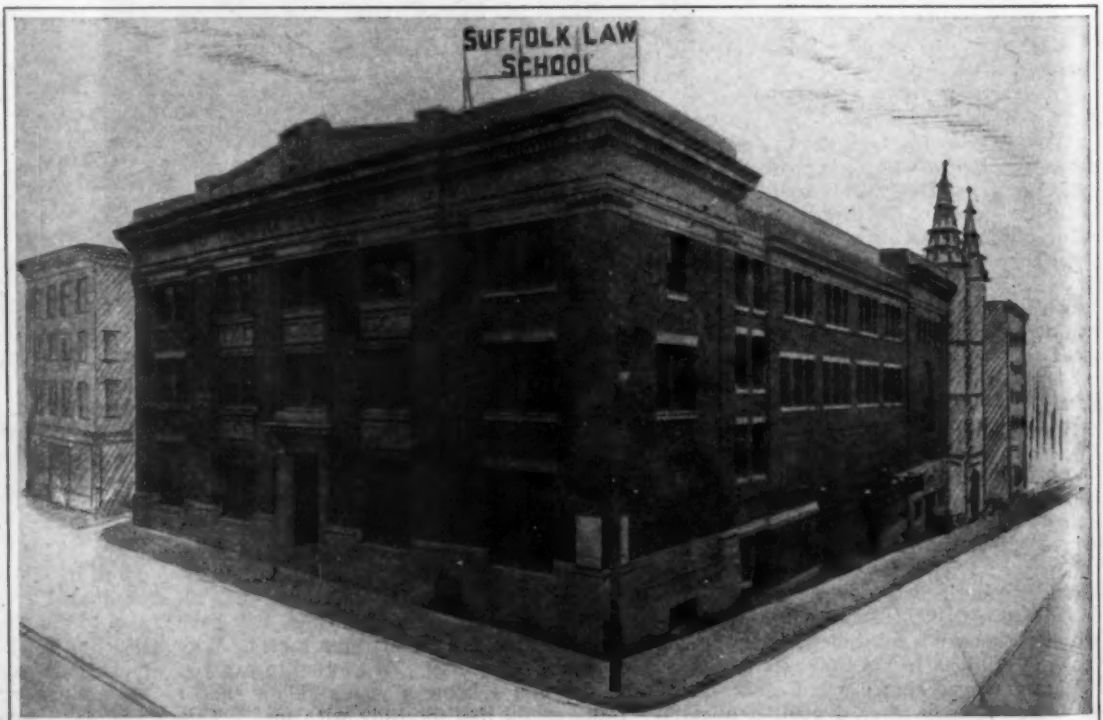
Modern equipment is everywhere in evidence within the walls of Suffolk Law School. A novel example of its up-to-date-ness is a mechanical device that has been set up in the office of Dean Archer, which



Dean Archer at the machine in his office that enables him to "listen in" on any lecture room he wishes

enables him to "visit" lectures through merely tuning in on any desired room in any part of the building, in order to check up on what his instructors are giving his boys. No expense has been spared to modernize thoroughly the school in every way.

Dean Archer's early life forecasted the kind of school he was to found. Intimately knowing the needs of those who toil, and especially the needs of the evening student, he established an institution that has proved a boon to the ambitious day worker, classes being held in the evening as well as in the day-time. In the first place, Dr. Archer rejected the so-called case system, under which the student is assigned the reading of law cases, from which he is required to deduce legal principles. When asked why he had never adopted this con-



A view of the Suffolk Law School from the State House grounds



ventional system, Dean Archer simply pointed to a library of two hundred and sixty volumes of Massachusetts Reports alone in his "attic" at the top of the Suffolk building and commented, "That's the reason. What cases should one read?" He then explained that the great legal authorities, like Blackstone, Marshall, and Story, had spent their lifetimes in legal research and had deduced fundamental principles of law, and their work has been followed by a full century of legal research, yet the struggling freshman has to duplicate this work under the case method. Although this system is questionable even for the university man who has his entire time to devote to the pursuit of legal studies, as is evidenced by unrest among the case system schools, Columbia and Northwestern Universities, it is out of the question for the evening student who is obliged to earn while he learns. The Suffolk Law School methods recognize the existence of this accumulated wisdom of the centuries and utilize it in the Archer text-books, which are now used in all sections of the country. These books by the Dean are based on the theory that every legal principle of importance should first be stated and then be followed by illustrative decisions of the courts, a method that saves valuable time. That the Suffolk system is efficacious is indicated by the success of the graduates in the Bar examinations.

Various aids are given the students of Suffolk Law School. Several scholarships are annually awarded the best scholars in order to help cut down academic expenses. A free employment agency has been established to assist the students in finding work. A low tuition rate is an additional aid to the man of limited resources.

The student body of Suffolk Law School is interesting on several counts. In the first place, it is exclusively a man's school. It has the largest attendance of male law students of any institution in the world. Secondly, the student body is cosmopolitan in character. They range in age-groups from seventeen to sixty years. They include governmental officials, officers of labor unions, and representatives of almost every profession. Non-sectarian as the school is, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew meet together on common ground in the pursuit of legal training. Occidental and Oriental mingle together. According to an investigation conducted in 1929, a score of nationalities were represented in the classes. The student body is also remarkable for the hundreds of Greater Boston business men who avail themselves of the school's facilities, recognizing the importance of a knowledge of law in their every-day business activities.

The magneto that has supplied the tremendous power required to bring about the phenomenal growth and success of Suffolk Law School has been Dean Gleason L. Archer. He has literally consecrated his

life to the fulfillment of his three-fold vision: to teach his students law, broaden their outlook, and uplift their ethical standards. And yet, he is not satisfied to confine his inspiring influence to the thousands of men who have come under his direct supervision. He has found time to write over a dozen text-books on law that have been adopted in schools throughout the country, profoundly affecting the methods of teaching law. Recently his activities have expanded until he is today a teacher of millions throughout the nation, through his educational talks on legal matters, which are a regular feature of the National Broadcasting Company's nation-wide network, originating in the New York studios.



Dean Archer at the microphone

Dean Archer is said to be heard by the largest audience of any New England radio speaker.

In the current December issue of the *American Magazine* I find John Griffin interviewing and quoting Dean Archer at length in an article of some three pages, titled "What are Your Rights?" He says:

"One man, I discovered, found these cases so frequent and interesting that he has made a life study of them. He is Dean Gleason L. Archer, founder and head of the Suffolk Law School, of Boston, author of eighteen books on law and a lecturer on layman's law.

"Dean Archer has found the statutes involving personal rights in many cases so involved and vague that they puzzle law students quite as much as they do laymen—as was shown by the words of a student who was in his office when I called upon him recently.

"The law on burglary,' the boy was saying, 'states that if a man breaks into your house, threatening your life and property, you have the right to kill him. Then here it says that when a person's life is threatened he must 'retreat to the wall' before shooting. Now, what if here isn't a wall handy? Do you just have to throw up your

hands and wait helplessly for the fellow to kill you?"

"A neat problem. But Dean Archer answered it readily.

"The wall mentioned there,' he said, 'has been interpreted as being merely figurative. It means, do all you can to avoid killing an assailant. However, it does not apply if the attack takes place in your own home.'

"The most obscure section of the United States Constitution,' he told me as the student departed, is that dealing with the personal rights of citizens. Is it any wonder that the layman has difficulty in obtaining a clear picture of his own rights?"

The radio addresses have evoked widespread newspaper and periodical editorial comment, indicating an increasing popular interest in the subject of law. His mail includes letters from judges, lawyers, law professors and college instructors as well as from the great masses of people who look upon Gleason Archer's Radio Hour as an outstanding program.

When he delivered his first lecture before a handful of men a quarter century ago, the imagination of the wildest dreamer could scarcely have conceived what the future was to hold in store for Gleason Archer—the tall lanky lad from the remote rural section in the State of Maine. The voice that drove the oxen in field and forest now resounds in homes in every section of the United States and Canada shown on the bright-colored map in the old school-day geography.

If ever there was a man entitled to carry the little cloth "green bag," designating a lawyer according to the custom of the days of Adams, Otis, Webster, Everett, Choate, and all that galaxy of brilliant legal talent of New England, it is Dean Archer. The bag is now supplanted by a "brief case," which all professional people carry today.

He has not only projected a knowledge of law in his classrooms, where thousands of successful lawyers obtained their legal training, but he has also made the professional pathway easier and rendered a service in his broadcasting work that has broadened the public's understanding of the simple rudiments based on a common sense knowledge of what everyone should know concerning common law. Dean Archer has assisted lawyers in following the modern trend of "Prevention" in the matter of legal entanglements, a newly-adopted principle that solves problems in the medical and other professions in these fast-moving times when airplanes and radio outrun the swiftest hurricane that ever swept the skies. Dean Archer has certainly hit the target and rung the bell on a popular phase of legal education directed with the skill of a champion—Archer—exemplified in his successful purpose "to rear the tender thought and teach the young idea how to shoot."

# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

## *From a Mean Old Cynic*

If all of the women were good as the few,  
I'd say, "Let us saint the whole lot!" wouldn't you?  
But, oh, if the few were as bad as the many  
And I did the sainting, there wouldn't be any.

## *They Can Who Will*

Though the barriers be great we can win if we try  
And will stick to whatever we're at;  
George Washington couldn't, they say, tell a lie,  
But got on very well for all that.

## *The Kicker*

The man bent on complaining finds  
The world all bent and twisty  
The fairest skies, to foggy minds,  
Are dark and pessimisty.

## *True Gallantry*

When she asks you how old you would take her to be,  
Oh, man! do not thoughtlessly try  
To prove you can guess one's age just to a T,  
But tell her—yes, tell her a lie.

## *Turning the Tables*

Some girls won't be married until they are thirty,  
And some them, so it is said,  
Though it's single they stay for full many a day,  
Won't be thirty until they are wed.

## *The Point of View*

Said she: (He was waltzing her to and fro)  
"I must rest: I am so danced out, you know."  
"Come, now, you are not darned stout," said he,  
"You are only just gracefully plump to me."

## *Silence Is Golden*

If all observed the rule which says  
To "Think before you speak,"  
Some of us might not utter more  
Than a dozen words a week.

## *A Home-Made Treasurer*

They mid serener vistas fare  
Who hold this vision clear:  
That Heaven is never Then and There,  
But always Now and Here.

## *Riches and Poverty*

Contentment loves to dream beside its own blest,  
happy hearth  
And listen to the kettle sing the gladdest song of  
earth;  
But Envy at the window sits and clouds the golden  
day  
With sighs to own a mansion like the folks across the  
way.

## *Devolution*

Proof that man's drifting back to his primitive stage  
In these tree-sitting dummies is found:  
The crude, chattering monkees we shut in a cage  
Used to live in trees all the year round.

## *But She Wasn't*

If Eve had been as 'fraid of snakes  
As women are of mice,  
We'd not have had to pull up stakes  
And move from Paradise.

## *Every Man His Own Chef*

The wifeless man, still less and less,  
Sees need of being "spliced,"  
A can-opener and a "delicatessen"  
And his bread brought ready-sliced.

## *The Up-to-Date Cooking-School*

Girls learn, today, some mean men say,  
To cook in just one lesson,—  
How to use a can-opener,—and then,  
The way to a delicatessen.

## *A Perplexing Problem*

The answer sticks in a good man's throat  
When a flapper asks him how she'll vote,  
For he hates to say to the puzzled elf:  
"I'll be darned if I know how to vote, myself!"

## *A Basic Fault*

One fault with this noble republic,  
That's if it has failing at all,  
Is that nine out of every fifteen pairs of pants  
Wear out in the seat first of all.

## *What About It?*

If some of the churches are as bad  
As other churches say,  
Their steeples really ought—how sad!  
To point the other way.

## *Man's Inhumanity*

Here's one reason why lots of life's sunshine  
Is lost in the valley of fog:  
There's too many a man who will tie a tin can  
To the tail of another man's dog.

## *Making the Best of It*

"Our daughter has eloped!" cried she, her heart dis-  
traught with fear:  
"She's run off with our chauffeur!" "There, there,  
calm yourself, my dear,"  
Her husband said consolingly. "It's sad, I know,  
but we  
May find another chauffeur that will prove as good  
as he."



# The Diamond State, a Highways Pioneer

*How Delaware's roads have been improved until now, when they rank among the best in America. The people of the little state have wholeheartedly supported an extensive program of road-building because they recognize the vital part played in their prosperity by better transportation*

THE prosperity of the United States depends in large part upon its roads; and the roads deemed adequate two decades or so ago are today antiquated. New conditions have brought about this result: horse-drawn vehicles have been almost entirely supplanted by motor-drawn vehicles; heavier loads are being carried than ever before; highways are becoming choked with many millions of automobiles; and greater speed, comfort, and safety are being constantly demanded. Better transportation to serve the wants of the growing populations in our cities is another need that pleads for better roads.

A nation-wide movement has been launched to answer the new needs of the new day—a movement strongly stimulated by the bill passed by Congress in July, 1916, providing for the Federal Government's sharing road-construction expenses with the states. About one-half of the cost up to \$20,000 a mile is appropriated. Apportionments are made on the bases of area, population, and miles of post roads. In accordance with this act the states have projected and completed elabo-

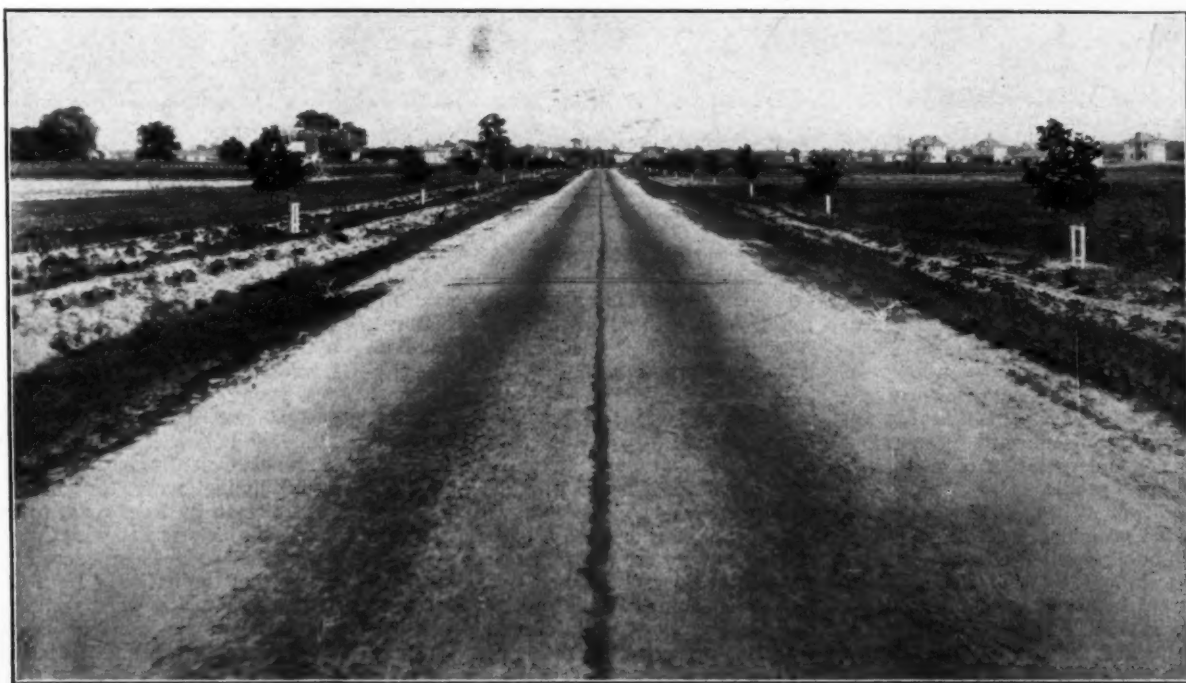
rate networks of modern highways. The agricultural states, recognizing the necessity of improved market facilities, have been especially active in good-road building.

*"Roads rule the World—not kings nor congresses, not courts nor constables, not ships nor soldiers. The road is the only royal line in a democracy, the only legislature that never changes, the only court that never sleeps, the only army that never quits, the first aid to the redemption of any nation, the exodus from stagnation in any society, the call from savagery in any tribe, the high priest of prosperity, after the order of Melchisedec, without beginnings of days or end of life. The road is umpire in every war, and when the new map is made, it simply pushes on its great campaign of help, hope, brotherhood, efficiency and peace."—Author Unknown.*

Although Delaware is known to all of us as a tiny spot on the map of the United

States, it is proving a leader in development. Quaint and picturesque in its historic setting, covering a small area on the banks of the Delaware River, it is surmounted by northern boundaries that were long in dispute. William Penn suggested that they draw a segment of a line on the map around what was then the capital of Delaware—Newcastle—for one hundred miles, which became the northern boundary of the state, thus ending a century of litigation by decree of the Court of Chancery in England. It is the one state that is associated with the early colonization of the Swedish people, who settled in 1638 at Fort Christiana, now a part of Wilmington, with Peter Minuit as Governor. Its history is also associated with colonization from the other countries and so it has been a cosmopolitan state from the beginning.

From early Colonial days the little state of Delaware has been a pioneer in the movement for better highways. In 1671 Captain John Carr submitted proposals to the Governor for a road to be "laid out one half way between August Herman's plantation and New Castle." The Governor responded that



*A network of roads like this covers Delaware, adding tremendously to the social and economic welfare of the people*

"If the good people of Maryland are willing to do their share, I will join the people of Delaware and lay out the road," and in 1675 ordered that it be laid out. Because it was not completed as ordered, however, the officials in charge suffered a penalty of one hog-head of tobacco. In the period around 1775, probably on military grounds, highway supervisors of the districts of Delaware were appointed by the Governor, and many roads were laid out. During the period following the Revolutionary War and the establishment of the general government, private toll companies were organized to answer the nation-wide demand for more and improved

created in 1917, Delaware finally assumed the responsibility for a state road system. This Department consists of five members: the Governor of the state, as chairman, a member from each of the three counties, and a fifth member from the city of Wilmington. The members receive no salary, being allowed payment only for expenses incurred in connection with the work of the Department. Upon the ability and the insight of the Chief Engineer, an expert employed by the Department, chiefly rests the success of the whole plan.

The main artery of the state system today is the Coleman duPont Boulevard, extending

and discovery, I made a pilgrimage to Delaware by motor car. The moment the state line was crossed and we were swept on to that busy and thriving metropolis of Wilmington, I fancied that I felt the sweep of modern progress in the perfected highways. Caravans of trucks to carry the products of the farms direct to the New York market indicated the agrarian activity of Delaware. Night and day these roads are filled with a ceaseless parade of motor cars. At short intervals are located the stations of the constabulary of state police. These policemen are more than traffic officers; they serve as all-around officers of the law. Stopping at



*Cement highways draw all points of the Diamond State closer together*

highways, a demand resulting from the phenomenal growth of the country. The first company in Delaware was chartered in 1808, but, as elsewhere in the country, little real progress was made until the twentieth century. In 1903 the General Assembly of Delaware passed a State Aid Law creating a department of highways. In 1911 the Assembly passed the Boulevard Corporation Act authorizing a corporation of citizens to construct a state road.

The period from 1912 to 1917 was characterized by the prominence of one of Delaware's most public-spirited citizens, Senator T. Coleman duPont. Seeing the needs of improved transportation, he commenced the construction in 1912 of a modern highway. In 1917 he turned the continuation of this road over to the newly-created State Highway Department, though still bearing the cost himself, in order to allow the members of that department free rein in the carrying out of their plans.

When the State Highway Department was

the entire length of the state and costing over four million dollars. But the completion of this boulevard is only a part of the work of the Delaware State Highway Department. A whole network of excellent roads has been built, transforming Delaware into a pleasure-ground for motorists. Probably no finer roads are to be found anywhere in America, nor roads built with greater care to secure the best lines and grades. Every town in Delaware is today connected with the state highway system, and a motorist may cover almost the entire territory on concrete. These state highways are noted for their spacious width, flat curvedness, and fine alignment. Due to Coleman duPont's foresight, Delaware was probably the first state to adopt the policy of constructing trunk highways around instead of through the towns on the way, a system facilitating "through" traffic. Conveniently wide roads result from the policy of securing the right-of-way of at least sixty feet in the city and eighty feet in the country.

With something of the spirit of exploration

one of the stations on the way to Dover, the officers were answering an emergency call for an accident on one beat and hurrying a doctor for an emergency call to one of the farms nearby. Under the control of the Highway Commission these stalwart, well-disciplined, vigorous young men suggested the self-reliant energy and courage of the Northwest Mounted Police. In company with Mr. W. W. Mack, Chief Engineer, the dash was made from Wilmington over the magic 13, known as the Coleman du Pont road, to St. George's. Across the historic Delaware Canal, we passed the birthplace of Commodore MacDonough, the hero of the battle of Lake Champlain, a native Delawarian who typified the distinctive patriotic spirit of the Diamond State. The busy shipyards and the industries of the duPonts all brought to mind a vivid picture of a little commonwealth that made a distinguished record with its four thousand troops in the Revolutionary War. Caesar Rodney made his famous "Paul Revere" ride to Philadelphia on July 3, 1776, to sign the



Declaration of Independence, making it the unanimous vote of the thirteen colonies. Here and there all over the state are reminders of a tradition that still remains the glory of little Delaware. Ag lance at the map of the state today reveals the most complete and modern system of highways extending from north to south with lateral lines leading to almost every town and city, village and hamlet within the narrow borders of the state.

It was at Georgetown that the plan for landscaping the duPont Boulevard began, presenting a most impressive picture of what can be done in the beautification of boulevards. From many points the roads lead direct to the coast, touched by a sweep of ocean surf. Everywhere in Delaware the highways seem to be of premier importance, not only for material purposes, but to complete a state system of public education, so that it is now possible for almost every child in Delaware to enjoy a high school education, with transportation provided.

The state of Delaware has abandoned the old theory of spending much for maintaining, and little for building, roads. The new attitude was demonstrated in the selection of concrete as the material for roads, using it for ninety-five per cent of the improved highways, while the other states, on the average, use it on only eighty per cent. Why are concrete chosen? Surely not because of its cheapness, for the estimated cost of a concrete road is about \$40,000 a mile. This cost, however, is compensated for by the several advantages of the concrete road, namely: it is not dusty; its surface need not be treated; the cost of maintenance is small; and its life is longer by several hundred per cent than any other road. For instance, a macadam road must be reconstructed every ten years, while a concrete road is good for at least forty.

Delaware is a leader in the better-roads movement, partly because her people have been educated to the advantages of better roads. A program of education has been carried on through the newspapers and other publications. As an example, ten years ago

the state of Delaware published a detailed booklet describing the new highway plans, and enumerating the following convincing reasons for supporting the program for better roads:

"We need them because, as we have pointed out, unless there is good transportation to markets and terminals, it is vain to hope for a reduction in the cost of living; good roads systematize the production and distribution of food.

"We need them because, so long as communities are isolated from each other, so long as schools and churches and grange meetings, and all other gatherings are almost inaccessible to certain districts at certain seasons or in bad weather, the social life of the state declines, and illiteracy continues to flourish.

"We need them for daily routine transportation in a state where the population does not yet warrant rural trolley systems.

"We need them to insure better rural mail service.

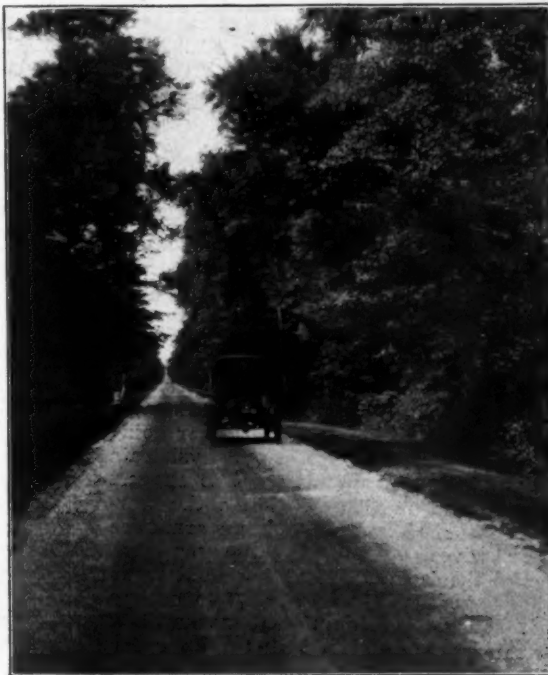
"We need them because the construction of improved roads invariably increases land values, and frequently makes an acre previously quoted at \$75 salable at \$150.

"We need them because they increase population and attract industries.

"We need them, above all, because they unify a state, and bring very different types of communities together in a state-wide point of view. It is not too much to say that the transportation system of a state determines its industrial and agricultural importance. Nor is it too much to say that a sound, state-wide transportation system, making every community readily accessible, can add infinitely to the social life and interest of the people of the whole state."

The vast expense of building these modern highway has been borne largely by the people of Delaware. A relatively small percentage of the Federal aid for road building has been received by Delaware, for this little state has, of course, a low rating according to the standards of Federal apportionment—namely, area, population, and miles of post roads. Unquestionably, though, the people of Delaware will be amply repaid for their expenditures, for the state is now in a position to develop more readily its location and natural

resources. The people's prosperity depends upon Delaware's roads, a fact they seem to realize. At the general election of November 6, 1928, their appreciation was evidenced when they chose Mr. C. Douglass Buck, the



*A typical vista along the duPont Boulevard*

Chief Engineer of the State Highway Department, as the Governor of Delaware. His victory was generally attributed to his record as an efficient administrator of the Highway Department.

For many years Delaware has been associated with the growing of peaches and other fruits. The world has sung songs concerning "Peach-time in Delaware." We continued on to Smyrna, where the first legislature of the state met before Dover became the capital in 1777. The state Capitol building, facing the renowned "Dover trove of with its social elms, is a treasure Green," historic documents, and includes the original grant of land signed by the King of England.

The three counties in Delaware are as distinctive as three states. In the northern portion we passed into the farm section, where it would seem almost as if Delaware alone could supply the eastern markets. With the fruit trees in bloom further south, little Delaware presents a bewitching scene of floral splendor. A large part of the state is located south of Washington and the southern county contains evidences of the ante-bellum days, when Delaware was divided by the Mason and Dixon line, but was essentially a slave state.

For a small state, Delaware represents a wide variety of interests and products, for at the highest point of land in the state, called Iron Hill, near Newark, important deposits of iron are found. Almost every kind of farm product, from corn in the north to cotton in the south, and shipping interests extend from the marine terminal in Wilmington to the oyster fleets at Little Creek. There are no public cemeteries in Delaware. They



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Aristophanes, the man, disliked vulgarity so we are told. He had a loyal love for the traditional glories of Athens, and the broad preferences and dislikes thus generated were enough to point the moral of the comedy and make him a highly useful censor for the people of Athens! If then, this play was written to censor public morals, we have a long way to go before we catch up with the ancient Greeks.

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Saul has broken jail to "do a job" of safe cracking. He is discovered by Mr. Chambers, the owner of the valuables. In a moment of trapped desperation, he shoots and kills Chambers. When Saul turns to go, he finds Marvin has followed him, and Marvin now sees his chance for a supreme sacrifice—he will go to the chair for Saul, and through his death Saul will inherit Marvin's soul, and realize that tenderness and devotion should be comprised in his love for Molly.

There is a scene showing the old rigmarole of third degree questioning, and the next is in Marvin's cell in the "death

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The work of a new dramatist Sidney R. Buchman was witnessed this season on Broadway. The theme, of soul transference, is certainly a novel one. No wonder that at times we feel him stumbling and groping, retracing and repeating; and although we stagger along with him into the Death House itself, we are never bored.

There are two brothers, Marvin, a weakling, devoted to his brother's wife, is the possessor of a soul resplendent with tenderness; the other brother, Saul, "King Saul, his mother called him," is the embodiment of physical strength, bravado, and cunning. He is only sensible to one emotion, the knowledge that Marvin, the weakling, would in some way save him, Saul, the hero. The idea haunts him until it turns to a phase of mania.

Saul has broken jail to "do a job" of safe cracking. He is discovered by Mr. Chambers, the owner of the valuables. In a moment of trapped desperation, he shoots and kills Chambers. When Saul turns to go, he finds Marvin has followed him, and Marvin now sees his chance for a supreme sacrifice—he will go to the chair for Saul, and through his death Saul will inherit Marvin's soul, and realize that tenderness and devotion should be comprised in his love for Molly.

There is a scene showing the old rigmarole of third degree questioning, and the next is in Marvin's cell in the "death

house." He says he's so happy "like a little child on the eve of a wonderful party." At the time of his execution we are with Saul. He had admitted his guilt from the beginning, but has been outwitted by Marvin, even in his attempt to die. He begs the warden to tell him the moment of Marvin's death. "God will tell you," is the reply. Saul is like a trapped animal; he knows something is going to happen to him the second Marvin ceases to exist, and his fear, fury, and frenzy are marvelously portrayed. Finally the lights are dimmed, intimating Marvin's death. Saul terror-stricken, clings to the bars of his cell—and then he realizes it's over and falls, weeping on his cot. They are the first tears he has ever shed. At last he is imbued with tenderness and love. Marvin's life was not given in vain!

As a psychological study Mr. Muni's acting rises to heights in this scene. He is a talented young man seen last on Broadway under the name of Muni Wiesenfriend, in "Four Walls." Paul Guilfoyle, as Marvin, leaves you with a picture sketched as carefully, and that quietly possessed brain registered even more indelibly.

#### "THAT'S GRATITUDE"

It is with sincere gratitude to Frank Craven for writing, and giving such a splendid performance of the play, and to John Golden for sponsoring it, that we can joyfully pen these lines.

With the stampede of foreign nothings into our theater it is more than a relief to see a one hundred per cent American comedy among the slender lists of nightly sell-outs. That reminds us that with the exception of the Greek classic, "Lysistrata," the chief "hits" this season are all American. Pardon this burst of patriotism, but it is put in as a friendly appeal to Mr. Golden and other producers to look well to home production in plays.

Briefly, the story concerns Tom Maxwell (George Barbier) who is from a small town in Kansas, and is taken ill in his hotel room in a small town in Iowa. His groans bring a stranger Bob Grant (Frank Craven) from the adjoining room who proffers the last drops from his flask. Tom's gratitude is of the spontaneous western variety, and he insists that Bob, who is a theatrical producer, will pay him and his family a visit at the first opportunity. Bob is not long in arriving. He naturally makes himself at home with his host's cigars, ties, and even by way of advice to one of the two daughters of

the house to break her engagement and go on the stage, thereby insuring himself a job. Here the story falls off a bit, as we aren't concerned with either of the daughters, or their love affairs. Needless to say Mr. Craven and Mr. Barbier are the show, and for a prologue and two acts, you gurgle with merriment over lines and situations that are clean and entertaining.

#### "ON THE SPOT"

A man who can turn out any play worthy of Broadway production in any length of time has at least written a play, for as some wiseacre has said "a play is not a play until it's produced;" however, a man who can write a success in three days ought to be presented with a "world championship diamond belt." This feat seems to have been accomplished by that prolific English writer Edgar Wallace.

Last year, he journeyed out to Chicago for a couple of days to breathe in the atmosphere of racketeers and gunmen; and was escorted about the town by the head of the detective bureau or police department to insure authentic locale. He gleaned enough American idioms attributed to the language of the underworld to make his dialogue convincing, and for plot, spun a swift-moving story, heightened by good trickeries, running so fast that for the moment you neglect to notice the few holes hurriedly overlooked by a master hand of "good theater."

Mr. Wallace has chosen for his "hero," Tony Perrelli an Italian master-mind gangster, living in a velvet apartment with mural decorations resembling a church, in fact, the stained glass windows, organ and shrine of the Madonna bear out the remark of one of the characters that "it looks like an ecclesiastical brothel." Tony adores playing Gounoud's "Ave Maria" boasts of two hundred shirts, says it's years since he has even seen a bill with the denomination under ten dollars. He enjoys all the luxuries of life, but is cognizant of none of its decencies. He double crosses two of his own men and sends them "On the Spot" to be killed by other members of his gang. One loves the girl Perrelli wants, and the other is loved by the Chinese jade who is living with him. As an added thrill one of the men walks round the trap only to come back and be neatly killed for your benefit, laid in the dummy bottom of a gorgeous red velvet couch and expeditiously removed.

Tony is finally brought to justice by the detective "Who has never accepted a

bribe" and who discovers with him the body of Min Lei. Although she has committed suicide, Captain Harrigan burns her farewell letter (Tony's only proof of innocence) and sardonically remarks "You've got away with plenty you haven't paid for, now you are going to swing for something you didn't do."

Crane Wilbur as the glorified Chicago killer left nothing to be desired. There was a poetry about Anna May Wong's portrayal of Min Lei that served as a precious frame surrounding a dainty miniature.

#### "THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT"

"The Greeks have a word for it" has seemed to catch on in New York. It is running at the spacious Sam Harris theater, which has been filled with a "smart" evening-gowned audience. The play by that versatile writer Zoe Akins, is by far her best achievement and concerns the lives of three ex-Follies girls who live in a lavish apartment on Riverside Drive, drink champagne, wear orchids, sport an English butler, and spend half their time brawling among themselves as to who is going to get which handsome millionaire.

Ernest Glendenning in the role of a wealthy young pianist with a penchant for feminine charms gives such an interesting portrayal of that genius that many in the audience regret that he only appears in the first act.

There is a bountiful supply of "wise cracks" distributed among the three beautiful gold diggers, in fact enough in this instance to make very good "box office." There is a scene in the last act when the three girls, Dorothy Hall, Verree Teasdale, and Muriel Kirkland, get together and forget hard feelings "for old times' sake" and stage one of the funniest drunken scenes extant in these days of "wet" propaganda. I never saw so much fluid disposed of. One "little drinkie" chasing the one before it, the only trouble being to get the bottles uncorked fast enough. "What teetotalers invented pints?" exclaims one.

Of course you never hear what it is that the Greeks had a word for. It may well be that the Chinese have a word for it, but this reviewer knows neither Greek nor Chinese. Now that it's all too late I'm blaming myself for not waiting at the stage door and putting the question straight to one of those who had been "glorified." But perhaps I should have discovered that this information involves an expense not included in the ticket of admission.

## Laughter of the Years

By INEZ WILCOX DENNISON

I have known the silent laughter of the sun  
When Spring came with her radiant flower-filled days,

And when Autumn's brown leaves drifted one by one

It has sifted through a blue ephemeral haze:  
In the wistful smile that tinted pansy eyes,  
Velvet faces that my garden grew to know,—  
I have seen again the smile of Winter skies  
When my face was lightly kissed by flakes of snow.

I have learned to love the laughter of the hills

As my feet a footpath through the valleys wore,—

Laughter driving far away my cares and ills  
As a brisk wind drives the sea fogs far from shore.

I have felt the silent laughter of the years  
When my life was filled with sorrow, doubt and pain,

And its music served to dry my bitter tears,  
Bringing hope and courage to my heart again.

Beauty born of dust, alas,—too soon must fade!

Swords that glitter bright will yield at length to rust,—

Silent laughter lives alike in sun and shade  
While centuries teach our souls their simple trust;

As a mother clasps her child unto her breast,  
Croons a lullaby of beauty soft and low  
Nature's laughter lulls us each in peace to rest,

With her mirth a respite brings to human woe.



# Neary Camden's Pickled Sunshine

*In which is related how the town of Kapisco, under the aggressive leadership of Milo Tait, solved its municipal lighting problem to the disillusionment of the oppressive Ezra Munn*

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WHO was it remarked that the first thing a wise woman does upon acquiring a husband is to render him helpless? Whoever it was, if there be any truth in this statement, Mrs. Milo Tait must have been a very wise woman indeed, for Mr. Milo Tait was an extremely helpless man. The casual observer, seeing him in his dealings with other men of the breezy Western community which claimed them as citizens, would never have suspected his helplessness. Nay, more; even within the precincts of his own home, where Mrs. Milo presided in her pretty, unobtrusive manner, his own friends would have scouted the idea that Milo Tait was not the head of his household. Getting right down to fundamentals, I shouldn't be surprised if he, himself, were innocent of any other thought. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Milo was the only one who knew the dark secret. The manner in which her husband occasionally found himself stricken with a sudden desire for such and such a thing he had never before so much as thought of—a desire, by the way, not in the least distasteful to his wife, was a phenomenon understood only by wise women.

Now there was the case of the mayoralty. Did the lady come out with a frank, open expression of the desires which possessed her soul—the desires to see her well-beloved in the seats of authority, to gather her girlhood friends at homelike teas in the executive mansion, to dabble her fair fingers, ever so little, in the muss of municipal diplomacy? Not at all. No, it was rather a matter of pouring Milo Tait's morning coffee in such and such a way, a cheerful discussion, over the rolls, of utterly unrelated topics, a certain tap as she adjusted his hat, and lo! in the course of his walk to his hardware store, Milo Tait suddenly discovered that he wished to be mayor of Kapisco—that the welfare of his soul depended on his being mayor of Kapisco, and on nothing else.

It would seem that, for the welfare of one young man's soul, this was rather a large order. To begin with, Kapisco wasn't a water-tank town by any means. Kapisco was an enterprising little city or simply a plain, unvarnished city, according as one read the Kansas City papers or the local journal. In a town of either of these characters there are generally a number of people whose souls desire to sit in the seat of the mayor. Moreover, the political destinies of Kapisco seemed to be pretty thoroughly controlled by a group of citizens who had watched Milo Tait grow up from the high school period, and a young fellow in this condition is hardly liable to find himself in the spotlight—unless indeed it be a spotlight of his own making. But there again, there appeared to be a woeful dearth of spotlight material just

then in Kapisco. Add to this that the city had known but one mayor for the last ten years, and that the worthy incumbent showed no signs of open distaste for remaining there for the next ten, and Milo Tait's soul would seem doomed to a long period of unrest.

All that morning, in the intervals of slack business, and all of the six mornings following, he mentally canvassed the possibilities in the way of popular issues of the spotlight kind. He thought of advocating a town band, but that appeared too trivial. A park?



*The political destinies of Kapisco seemed to be controlled by a group of citizens who had watched Milo Tait grow up.*

Kapisco had a dozen parks now. Municipal lighting? Ah, there it was—and there it had been for fifteen years, and there would continue till doomsday as far as anyone could see. Milo Tait's dream was no more than a dream then, and so, after the manner of men, he told his wife. The amount of absolute astonishment a good woman can call to her service on a moment's notice is really nothing short of miraculous. As an antidote to this, her husband ran over the category of reasons why the dream could never be realized, but his wife remained unimpressed.

"Why don't you try municipal lighting? I hear everyone talking about it and grumbling at what they have now." But then, she was only a woman, and it was very patiently that Milo Tait explained it to her.

In the early days of Kapisco, lights were needed badly. At such a time a franchise is not liable to be considered a pearl of any great price, and so it was that a shrewd Yankee by the name of Ezra Munn was able to pick up the city's gas rights in perpetuity for something less than a first-class song.

Ezra Munn was one of those crabbed individuals whose fundamental dogma is that a man's property is a man's property, whatever. So, having attached to this valuable asset, he retired into his ramshackle abode on Mason Street and hardened his heart to the course of his neighbors and townspeople. It is an extremely disagreeable thing to be ground down by a soulless corporation, but when it is one's next-door neighbor who is applying the merciless heel, then it is next to unbearable.

Ultimately a project was set on foot to install an electric plant in the town as a means of deliverance from this undesirable state of affairs; and this was finally accomplished, only to fall, a short time later, into the same pitiless hands on Mason Street, and the people of Kapisco had seen their looked-for deliverance turned into but another bond of captivity. From time to time a Moses had risen in the land to lead them out of this captivity, only to prove in every case a false prophet and fall before the armed immobility of Ezra Munn, who would neither sell out nor die off. So, for many years now, Kapisco had read its evening paper in a wretched half light for which it paid roundly, and snarled its futile rage at the crooked old man, waxing rich and hard in his ragged residence on the humble side street. All this Milo Tait explained patiently to his wife. Then he stifled the desires of his soul and did his best to return to his old manner of life and thinking, with but mediocre success, it may be said.

The little coterie of Kapisco's citizens who took it upon themselves to conduct the policies of that city habitually gathered in the room sanctified to the rites of billiards and pool, in the rear of one Sam Bole's barber shop. A number of these persons were town commissioners; the rest were unofficial statesmen. At this particular period, this group found itself sorely divided over the coming elections, the major part cleaving to the time-proven mayor for re-election, while a militant minority clamored for an infusion of younger blood. But this militant minority came up against the same dead wall Milo Tait had had experience with—there seemed to be no especially crying need to be successfully championed by an aspiring novice. Milo Tait listened to their canvass and re-canvass of the subject with ill-concealed disgust at its familiarity. One day he spoke.

"Why not municipal lights?" For the best of him, he could not understand why he had blurted out in this fashion. The roar of mirth which greeted his sally did little to reassure him.

"Young man," remarked one of the pillars of state, with profound gravity, "If you can

pry old man Munn out of his hole in the ground, we'll make you mayor of Kapisco. How about it, fellow-patriots?" The junta assented unanimously, with upraised hands.

"Done," shouted the helpless one, disappearing out of doors amidst the volley of laughter which broke over his devoted head. Once outside, he was angry that he should have jostled himself into such a ridiculous situation—he flattered himself that he had held at least the every-day respect of his townsmen up to that day. But perhaps, after all, they would pass it over lightly, and the morning would find it forgotten. So he said nothing of it to his wife.

But he had not counted on the enterprise of the local journalist. A town of Kapisco's size is not, as a rule, too well stocked with real headline stories, and this break of Tait's was too tempting a tidbit for the one reporter of the Kapisco *Clarion* to pass up. Next morning's issue featured the affair to its last possibility, and Mrs. Milo awoke to find her husband famous—not to speak of furious. The *Clarion* called upon him to make good his word, pledging the support of his fellow-citizens in the fight he had initiated with so much confidence. Confidence! The remarks he promulgated at the breakfast table over this same confidence of his made the alcohol flame under the coffee urn absolutely superfluous.

The calls he received that day at his place of business from enthusiastic friends of his high school days raised his temperature very nearly to the point of oxidation. But Milo Tait was of the type that has to be pulled off from a bluff with a team of stout oxen, and he met their advances with a superb show of mysterious confidence. Some days later, he even passed, with outwardly unruffled assurance, an encounter with old man Munn himself, who favored him with a baleful glare. But all this was getting him nowhere, except perhaps in the general direction of the madhouse, while the time for any decisive action whatever was growing shorter with startling rapidity. And as the time grew shorter, even so did his former good temper, till his wife began to rue the day of her ill-fated ambitions.

Ordinarily, Milo Tait would have been more than glad to welcome Neary Camden to his hearth and roof-tree, at any time that cheerful vagabond chose to grace them with his presence. Neary Camden, in his college days, when he had been a classmate of Milo Tait, had had the record of getting more people into more scrapes, and of subsequently getting more people out of more scrapes, than would be readily credited. After what graduating he had done, being comfortably endowed in this world's goods, his wandering inclinations had proven too much for his fragile spirit, and so it came about that such of his old cronies as possessed roofs wherewith to cover them were periodically descended upon by the lightsome good-for-nothing without warning of any kind, and whatever embarrassment this abruptness might entail, it was always more than offset by the innocent entertainment his light head and equally light talk afforded them.

Ordinarily, as has been observed, Milo Tait would have felt nothing but joy at the sight of Neary Camden's suitcase on the front porch and Neary Camden's person in the sitting-

room easy chair. Neary Camden, who had an extremely keen eye for such matters, was quick to observe the shade of chilliness in his host's greeting. But it was not in Neary Camden's code of life to rush out, thereupon, seize his suitcase from the veranda and post off to the nearest hotel for lodging. Not at all. He took the affair with a light callousness one might well grieve to discover in a friend of long standing. And before dinner was over he was possessed of the whole story from beginning to end, of which Milo Tait was only too relieved to unburden his harassed soul.

"Well, why don't you see it through?" inquired the pilgrim, when the tale was complete.

Now Neary Camden was not a woman. Accordingly, his friend's explanation of the reasons why he nor any other man could in no way see it through was not given in the same patient manner it had been given to his friend's wife, at an earlier date. During the course of the fusillade, Camden wrapped his long legs about one another in an agony of meditation.

"Hum—so," he ruminated, when hostilities had ceased. "I guess I'll just sit tight and think it over. You don't seem to be much good when it comes to head, Milo. Maybe Nora and I can jaw something or other out of it, if we approach it in the proper spirit." (His friendship with Mrs. Milo dated from their co-ed days). It may be surmised that Mr. Milo Tait's feelings were in no wise mollified by the latter portion of these remarks; nevertheless, his innate spirit of hospitality prompted him to swallow them with the best grace possible.

The caucus of the dominating party was now but a scant week in the future, and the *Clarion's* daily calls upon Milo Tait had begun to take on a distinctly cynical note. The hero of these calls had about reached the end of his rope, but had not as yet determined on a proper method of showing his friends what a grand joke it had all been. He had about brought himself to the contemplation of secret flight and permanent exile in a distant land, when, on returning home one noon, he interrupted the tail of a conversation between his wife and his guest.

"I don't believe the old codger has seen me, do you?" Neary Camden was saying.

"What's up?" inquired the head of the house.

"How long before that nominating doo-ding comes off?" queried the other, for sole answer.

"Just a week from today. Why?"

"That's next Wednesday—let's see—I guess that'll have to be time enough."

"Time enough for what? For heaven's sake—"

"Now look here, Milo Tait, don't you bother your valuable head over anything in this world. We've decided to make you mayor of this delightful metropolis, and all you have to do is be good and do just exactly what I tell you."

"Please come off from it and be sane—"

"Listen to me. This afternoon you'll just trot down to where those influential gentlemen hang out, look as important as you can, and tell them that before twelve o'clock, noon, of next Tuesday, they will have a fine chance to acquire a plant wherewith to light

their excellent little city. Have you got it straight?"

"No, I haven't got it straight or any other way. Why in the name of—"

"Dearest—won't you do it for me? It's such a little thing."

The reader will kindly refer to the remarks which stand at the head of this literary effort, so that he may more pity than censure the dazed and rebellious young man who entered the political sanctum that afternoon, to the strains of "Hail, the conquering hero," rendered by the company there gathered. But their levity at his appearance was as nothing to the agony of mirth which greeted the announcement he delivered with so much outward assurance and such inward sinking. Men's heads were laid on other men's shoulders, limp and helpless. Joyous uproar reigned supreme, and a chorus of catcalls followed Milo Tait's bewildered retreat.

It was on the morning following this edifying episode that Mr. Ezra Munn was approached by a light-haired stranger, on the subject of letting that half of his tottering building which had long been vacant. Mr. Munn was unable to find anything to arouse suspicion in the appearance of the stranger, who informed him that his use of the flat would be chiefly as a laboratory for experiments he was conducting. So, after a certain amount of haggling, the deal was consummated, and the stranger entered upon the premises the following day.

Now it would be an unwarranted presumption to stigmatize Mr. Ezra Munn as an inquisitive person. That word carries with it a certain idea of curiosity as regards the business of another, and Mr. Munn was laudably free from such curiosity. But then, there was always a possibility that the unseen goings-on of one's neighbor might somehow concern one's own interests, and one can never be too careful, after all. So meditated that individual as he cleared out an insignificant peep-hole, leading from his apartment into the other half of the house, from which certain inexplicable sounds, accompanied by mysterious ejaculations, had been proceeding during the last few days.

Little fruit came of his pains, however. All he could make out was a huddled mass of junk in one corner, over which the fair-haired enthusiast brooded in an idiotic reverie. Finding little food in this for his naturally suspicious temperament, Mr. Munn returned to his morning paper and cogitated on the possible moves of that young upstart, Tait, who seemed so confident that he had found a way of lighting Kapisco to supersede his, Mr. Munn's very serviceable methods. His suspicious temperament had passed through a trying period of late.

That this vigilance of his was fully justified was convincingly proven by the episode in which he figured passively, on the Monday preceding the caucus. Mr. Munn was waiting for his morning mail in a secluded corner of the post office, not entirely unaware of the presence of young Tait in a neighboring alcove, screened from his view by a wing of the general delivery department. He paid no particular attention to the political upstart, beyond a few muttered remarks concerning his general character and that of his family, till he observed his neighbor approached by a second young gentleman, who had entered hastily and come straight to him. It was



Mr. Munn's tenant. Milo Tait was the first to speak.

"How goes it?" he inquired in a low voice. "I believe we've got him to rights," replied the other. "The thing is all ready to demonstrate, and we can pull the trick off for the commissioners tomorrow afternoon, if you can get them together quietly. You haven't said anything about it?"

"Not a word."

"Good. Now if you can come around this evening, I'll show you what can be done by way of first-class illumination. Lord send Old Man Munn doesn't take a sudden notion to sell out before we get it over. Even admitting that this will be a stunner for the whole world, I'm kind of fond of the idea of getting that old crook's goat. Well, so long till eight—I've got to get back to it."

"So long."

There is a certain adage having to do with the fatal slip which so often intervenes between the cup and the expectant lip, and it was for this slip that Mr. Ezra Munn gleefully thanked Providence, as he shuffled back to Mason Street. He was still very much at sea as to the significance of the conference he had so fortunately cut in upon, but he had at least a leading clue, and as the afternoon wore away he prepared to make the best of it.

Meanwhile, Milo Tait was doing his utmost to ward off impetuous friends at his store—old friends, fighting hard to retain their faith in their self-appointed champion. Mr. Neary Camden spent a pleasant afternoon in the Tait sitting-room, mulling over old times with Mrs. Milo.

The old monopolist was prompt to affix his eye to the peephole at eight o'clock sharp, and the eye was rewarded by the sight of Neary Camden fussing over his infernal contrivance and chuckling audibly. The inventor looked up at the sound of Milo Tait's entry, and struck a dramatic attitude.

"Friends, Romans, country people," he declaimed, with serio-comic impressiveness. "I beg leave to announce that the age-old sun has at last been submitted to the harness of man—Phoebus is bound."

"Very nice, Mr. Camden," interrupted the visitor, "but I am a business man and my time is valuable. Let's get on without the oratory."

"I crave a pardon. It is only that I am a little over-wrought at the culmination of so many years of study and work, and at the near prospect of the world's recognition. Light—free light—for every creature. The ages to come—"

"Yes, that's all right. But what have you really got?"

"I will be serious. I will get down to a working basis without frills. You may be aware, Mr. Tait, that a ray of light, that is, a wave of the ether generated by any incandescent body such as the sun, goes on through all space until it is interrupted by some other body which either absorbs it or refracts it in another direction. Is that clear? Well, my idea has been from the first that there should be some method of catching a squad of these rays and keeping them in a cage, so to speak, till such time as they are needed, when they could be let out on the world again to perform their delayed function of illumination."

The attentive listener behind the wall heard an impatient sigh escape the lips of the visitor, and he himself scarcely refrained from

a like one. The inventor's words were certainly rather rhapsodical.

"You are saying to yourself," proceeded Neary Camden, "that a ray of light is not a thing to cage up as one would a bird. True. A ray of light, to remain a ray of light, must be kept moving at the same rate of speed, always. Now listen. Suppose I intercept a ray of light with a mirror—what is the result? The ray is shot off in another direction, but it is still alive. Of course, with an ordinary mirror, a certain portion of its efficiency is absorbed by the mercury backing of the glass, and what escapes is consequently of less brilliancy. There is the whole problem, and to it I have given seven years out of the very heart of my life—seven years devoted to grinding research, and repeated experimentation, in the search for a mirror which is an absolute refractor—one that will reflect the ray which it receives, absolutely undimmed. And I have found it. The secret of its composition will make me the richest man of all history, and immediately retire, as obsolete, every existing mode of illumination."

"Ah, but wait. Suppose I now take another mirror and place it facing the first, perfectly parallel. What happens now? The ray is shot from the first to the second, from the second back to the first, and so on and on like a shuttle-cock traveling at inconceivable speed. Of course they must be parallel—absolutely—or the ray will work to the edge in the twinkling of an eye and—puff—it is gone. Moreover, since the dust particles in the air between the two mirrors would quickly absorb and break up the cherished rays, the whole affair must be placed in a vacuum. That, in effect, is the device which is about to startle the world."

"I don't see yet that you have done anything practical. Maybe those rays are battering back and forth in there all right, but you can't see them till they are reflected on something. You know you can't see a light wave till it is refracted to your eye."

"You are wonderful, Mr. Tait—you catch the point precisely. But now, having my waves bottled up in the dark, as it were, what if I insert a needle point between the two mirrors? Zip—it catches a ray and refracts it to the outer world. That ray is gone, to be sure, but you must remember, between two planes, each a foot square, there is room for incalculable millions of those rays. So, very slowly, the point is moved across till it has used up all the rays in the first stratum, then back again through the second—you can do this with a simple clock-work device—and so on till the whole affair is empty. The machine I have here will give excellent light for nearly eighteen hours—absolutely costless, free light—because you can take it out in the back yard next day, slide one mirror aside, get a good sight on the sun with the other, cut in with the first again, and—there you are. You people have been burning the sun all these years, but you've been burning it after it's laid in the earth a hundred centuries or so, and have had to pay to get it out. From now on, the world will burn sunlight—but it will be yesterday's article—fresh, pure, free—free."

During the latter part of this dissertation, Milo Tait had stood like one petrified, too strongly impressed for speech. Ezra Munn felt the foundations crumbling under

his plump limbs. If what the young inventor claimed had any truth in it, these two, the invited and the uninvited, stood witnesses to the unveiling of a new era—an era where all the illuminating gas, oil, and electric securities had suddenly become as dross.

"I don't believe it." Milo Tait had finally broken silence.

"Come over here in the corner." Neary Camden led the way to a dusky portion of the room and drew a cloth from the top of some indistinguishable object. "Behold—the wonder worker. Observe those two mirrors. Between those planes are now darting some thousands of millions of light rays, caught this noon by myself on the roof. But first look at this piece of glass in my hand. [The peeper caught the flash of a match.] I'll warrant you never saw the like of that before. You will remark that the image of the flame is exactly as brilliant as the flame itself—My composition. Now, if you will turn down that lamp, I will set my needle working. Pzz!—there it goes. How about that—do you believe now?"

Ezra Munn let out an exclamation at the sudden glare of light which attacked his peering eye, that would have surely betrayed his presence to anyone less engrossed than the two black figures in the dazzling room. In the following darkness, doubly black through contrast, he heard the mumbled astonishment of the other witness. The mumbling gradually took on the form of words.

"And tomorrow is the day this goes out to the world?" The inventor answered in the affirmative. Ezra Munn was a man of action, and he waited for no more. Providence had favored him in the nick of time, and he was not the one to lose through any lack of promptness.

It was about the hour of eleven, the following morning, when a messenger interrupted the powwow at Sam Boles' to request the company of the Hon. Lemuel Burnes somewhere on urgent business. It was about the hour of eleven-thirty when the Hon. Lemuel Burnes returned to the assembly, creating a considerable stir among its members by the erratic manner in which he conducted himself. When he was sufficiently calmed to recover his gift of speech, he deprived the rest of the company of theirs by announcing that Mr. Ezra Munn was desirous of disposing of his interests in Kapisco Gas and City Electric, and that a meeting must be held immediately, forthwith, and at once, while the old man was still in this propitious mood.

When the rather bewildered group returned to the sanctum after a hasty but effective session at the town hall, the first figure to meet their gaze was that of a certain political novice, who sat on one of the tables and languidly shied a pool ball at a green-mouthed pocket. This spectacle had the effect of bringing them back to their faculties of remembrance.

"How did you do it?" The shout was almost a chorus. Milo Tait looked up, at a loss for their meaning.

"What? Oh, that. By—by the help of a fellow named Phoebus."

At the same moment, in another part of Kapisco, a certain crabbed old gentleman was rubbing his hands together complacently at contemplation of the rapid and effective manner in which he had taken to cover.

# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

DR. HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON

*Cleric Author, and Browning Society President Chooses "Pippa Passes" as Favorite Verse*

When I sat in the study of a three-term president of the Boston Browning Society (who is also famous as an author and clergyman) I was not surprised to hear him recite the familiar "The year's at the spring and day's at the morn" as his favorite poem. The reciter was Dr. Henry Hallam Saunderson whose position in the world of letters and outstanding ministry is well established.

The portion of Browning's "Pippa Passes" which Dr. Saunderson named as his particularly favorite bit is that which runs:

Day!  
Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud cup's brim  
Where spurning and suppressed it lay,  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;  
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
Rose, reddened, and its sething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn:  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!

Dr. Saunderson is a New Englander by adoption. He was born near Ottawa, Canada, and in youth went to Minnesota where he prepared for Harvard. He specialized in chemistry, and was president of the Boylston Club of Harvard, but science and mathematics led him to a profound interest in philosophy which in turn opened the road to modern theology. He became minister of the Third Congregational Church in Cambridge, after receiving degrees from Harvard, and has been for many years pastor of the First Parish House in Brighton, Boston. His ministry, however, is vastly larger than any one church, for he invented "The Wayside Pulpit" and can truly say, like John Wesley, "the World is my parish." One of his sentences posted on the "wayside pulpits" throughout the country, is the famous one: "When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on," which is said to have provided the word of encouragement to save many lives.

Dr. Saunderson's latest book, indicative of his study of New England life, is a

biography of the late president of Harvard, "Charles W. Eliot, Puritan Liberal," recently published. Other of his books include "The Power of an Endless Life" and "The Living Word: The Bible Abridged." He is heard frequently over the radio and is active in authorship and general literary circles.

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JOHN H. BARTLETT

*First Assistant Postmaster General and Ex-Governor of New Hampshire Harks Back to "Barefoot Boy" Days*

One man who has held high office and attained prominence without losing "the common touch" or forgetting boyhood days is John Henry Bartlett, first assistant Postmaster-General. In his busy and business-like Washington sanctum he dropped the "affairs of office" to recall swimming-hole days in old New Hampshire and repeat the lines of John Greenleaf Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" to me as the poem which stirs him most with the memories it brings to mind.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lips, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
Oh! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Henry Bartlett was born at Sunapee, New Hampshire, in 1869. Like many another successful man he prepared himself for life by teaching school. As a teacher in Portsmouth he studied for the bar, was admitted in 1898 and practiced in Portsmouth. The war-time election of 1918 saw him the choice of the people of his native state for governor. At the end of his term he was called to Washington to become president of the Civil Service Commission and in 1922 his record won him the appointment to his present position. Among his offices is that of President of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children. He takes keen interest in the work.

In the administration of his work in the Post Office Department he has humanized the service and done much towards providing adequate and comfortable quarters for the conduct of the largest business operations in the world known as the U. S. Post Office Department.

JAMES B. BORLAND

*Author of "Fifty Years in the Newspaper Game" selects a Bit of Prose with Editorial Discrimination for His Heart Throb*

Fifty years as a newspaper man often serves to make some editors cynical in later years. Not so in this case. Up in Venango County, Pennsylvania, James B. Borland, editor of the *Franklin Evening News-Herald*, has been familiarly called "Jim" by a legion of friends and readers of the daily paper that has reflected the intimate life of the community. Jim's father was similar to the sire in James Whitcomb Riley's poem. He was bound to "make an editor out of him," and affectionately bade him good-bye, "Take keer of yerself, Jim." It is not only because James B. Borland has a genial personality or that his articles are so friendly, but it is because all through the years he has fairly breathed a sort of human understanding and sympathy among his readers, that "Jim" Borland's column is like a personal greeting to each reader, with a hearty handshake and smile thrown in for good measure. To such men the poems by James Whitcomb Riley make their appeal, and I was not surprised when he decisively declared, as he set aside the lead pencil with which he was writing, "My cherished poem is 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine,' but I am giving you also a prose-poem by Larry Flint that hits the target. The title is 'Little Things.'"

There was a Man who made a Journey.

It had been a rugged Road. Here and there, on the traveled way, rose cragged rocks, reminders of many stumbles and much pain. On the highways, too, were flowers, unplucked and sweet. Their perfume lingered. Beside the roadway were thorns, bloody from the piercing of many travelers. For it was the Common Road of Man.

Before he quit the trail the Man turned for a moment to look back upon the Journey.

He was ragged and empty-handed. For all men come empty-handed to the Journey's end.

The Man looked about him for riches, but Riches had vanished. He groped for Fame, but Fame had flickered and gone out. He sought the hand of Pleasure, but she had slipped into the darkness and disappeared.

"Alas!" said the Man, "I am alone. All things have deserted me. Time has mocked me at the Journey's end."

And then with silent footsteps, like the tumble of snow upon a window pane at twilight crept the Little Things about him.

Then, in choice phrasing, this bit of prose tells how many fragile, unnoticed and simple things of life make up our riches—a smile, the laughter of a child, the flutter-



ing glow of a family fireside, the barking of friendly dogs; the touch of loved hands.

And in a mighty chorus, yet tender, the Little Things opened their lips and sang. And this was their song:

"We are the Riches you sought for, having them all the time. We are the Fame you courted, holding it as you wooed. We are the Pleasure you coveted, never knowing that as you searched you ruled in the Kingdom of Happiness. Just as of old we flowered your pathway with Faith and Hope, so we now come—the Little Things you loved—to abide with you forever and make you glad."

The Man rose and looked upon a new Journey. Into the fields of Eternity it wound, on the banks of the river of Peace. The soft breezes of Contentment, crooning the song of Joy, came from the hilltops of Gladness to make blessed the way.

And with lips of mild sweetness the Little Things broke forth into a glad refrain—a song of promise and truth and fulfillment: "And now abideth Faith and Hope and Love—these three. And the greatest of these is Love."

GEORGE GIBBS

*The Author and Illustrator finds Shakespeare filled with Favorite Heart Throbs*

George Gibbs, busy in his studio on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, laid aside his work long enough to add his mite to the chorus of tributes to Shakespeare as the great source of real heart throb poems.

"Shakespeare, I would say, satisfied all my different kinds of requirements in the way of favorite poems. Perhaps my favorite lines are:"

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Find tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

He had quoted from memory and I am happy to say he had not missed a punctuation mark.

He was then at work on mural decorations forty feet long, dealing with the four phases of the life of Stephen Girard for the Board Room of Girard College. The name and memory of Girard is one to conjure with in the City of Brotherly Love.

While George Gibbs may be registered as an artist and illustrator, his work as an author has brought him nation-wide fame. His books, beginning with "Pike and Cutlass" in 1900, which doubtless was inspired by this experience at the Naval Academy at Annapolis from 1886 to 1888, have given him literary distinction. His novels, "The Yellow Dove" and "The Secret Witness," written during the war, served the purpose of relieving many anxious minds by diverting and detouring them into other realms of thought through these stirring stories. His colorful portfolio of American sea fights and imposing array of novels which he has written and illustrated—to say nothing of the portraits he has painted—suggest the busy life of Benjamin West and Benjamin Franklin, who set the Philadelphia pace of production in art, science and literature.

Mr. Gibbs was born in New Orleans and studied art in the Corcoran School of Art and Art Student League in Washington. His home at Rosemont, Penn., is just such a retreat as one would expect from a lover of Shakespeare, an artist and author, and an all-round busy man and fine type of American citizenship.

PATRICK E. CROWLEY

*The President of the New York Central Railroad finds a Life Inspiration in "The House by the Side of the Road"*

The man who has climbed by successive steps in railroading has witnessed a remarkable development of the country and has taken part in the general advancement of the human family. The industrial departments of railroads are powers that serve the production and consumption of a territory as well as furnishing transportation.

There is a spirit of friendliness associated with the work of Mr. P. E. Crowley, president of the New York Central lines. Born in Catteraugus, N. Y., in 1864, he was educated in the public schools and began railroading at an early age. His advancement reads like a list of employments furnished by the road—messenger, telegraph operator, station agent, train despatcher, first on the Erie, then on the New York Central and Hudson River road, then division superintendent, assistant general superintendent, general manager and president of the road. If any cog should slip in the machinery of control, it is presumable that Patrick F. Crowley would be able to discover it. Incidentally he has been the president of other roads—Ottawa & New York and the Boston & Albany. That the roads have been prosperous is to say that they have been well controlled. Such a varied experience has its mellowing effects, for a man who knows men is sure to be tolerant and have "a faith in the long run." That is why this busy railroad president chose as his favorite poem the lines of the democratic, human lover of humans, Sam Walter Foss.

"I like the neighborly spirit the poem expresses," said President Crowley, and thousands of others subscribe to the sentiment so classically expressed by the Yankee poet who so effectively preserves for us the enduring ideal in all relations of life. There are heroes by the side of every railroad somewhere—and this P. E. C.—the popular executive of what has been called "the world's greatest railroad," does not forget.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend of man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who are  
bad,

As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend of man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor  
their tears—  
Both parts of an infinite plan;  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend of man.

OTIS SKINNER

*The Celebrated Actor, in the Rich Glow of His Fame, still finds Shakespearean Lines His Heart Throb*

Since Aristophanes amused the playgoers of Greece, the spoken word has never lost its power; the cinema is a thing apart. One recalls Otis Skinner, the gay vagabond of "Kismet" and again in "Blood and Sand," and is convinced that the dramatist's art can never be superseded by the mechanical devices of the modern inventors. Otis Skinner has played important roles with Lawrence Barrett and Augustine Daly. In New York he made his debut at Niblo's in a play called "Enchantment." His matchless voice won him high praise as the leading man for Mojeska and with the beloved actress and woman, Henrietta Crosman, in American cities as well as in London and Paris.

The profession of the stage came to Mr. Skinner from his successes in amateur reading and acting while he was quite young. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1858 and received his A. M. at Tufts College. His first part of any significance was as "Jim" in "Woodleigh," a success that had a run in Philadelphia.

True to his Shakespeare, as all actors of note ever be, Mr. Skinner gave me his favorite verse, the song from the tragedy "Cymbeline," spoken by Guiderius and Arivagus over the body of Cloten:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat,  
To thee the reed is as the oak.  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

It is fitting that in the rich fullness of his fame Otis Skinner should find his heart throb in his life work which has absorbed his heart interest since the first night he appeared before the footlights.

# New Era Opens in Motion Pictures

*A new production code has been adopted by the Motion Picture Association, headed by Governor Milliken and Will Hays, to promote good taste and respect for law and order, discouraging sympathy with the criminal and evil. Preliminary studies are made of the effects of the play on the people's mind*

**I**N recent years I have cultivated the habit of never going to the theatre alone. Not only do I want physical companionship in this most human of institutions, but I find myself eager for mental companionship when the picture or the play has ended.

Often during intermissions I wander out front and inquire among my fellow patrons what they think of the drama that has been set before them. Occasionally I am rebuffed, for there are people in the world who lack every instinct of sociability. More often, I meet with eagerness and with readiness to discuss the problems which the play presents. After the theatre I always find it convenient to exchange viewpoints with my friends. In that way my own opinion is strengthened and I go away with the feeling that I have got something beyond whatever measure of personal satisfaction the play or picture may have given me.

A few weeks ago I made a pilgrimage to New York City to see three motion pictures as Broadway productions. The first of these was based on the life of Lincoln, the Man, truly one of the Greats in our nation's history. The second dealt with the other world, presenting a weird, imaginative conception of what happens when life is ended and when one sets out to answer for one's life. The third presented a modern problem, under the guise of entertainment—the problem of prison reform.

Here were three widely different types of pictures, each one with an interest of its own.

Frankly, I went to see "The Big House," for that is the title of the prison picture, with misgivings. I went to see the Abraham Lincoln picture with misgivings. I went to see "Outward Bound" with misgivings. As a self-confessed optimist, I do not care to spend an evening in the drabness of a prison. As a life-long admirer of the Great Emancipator I feared a distortion of the Lincoln I knew and loved. As a man of simple faith I confess I had little advance interest in what I thought probably was a strange, new, and uncongenial conception of the Hereafter.

Nevertheless each picture that I saw held me to the end. I was completely lost in the theatre, and that, to me, is the great test of the theatre's value. My companions I discovered shared the same feelings, and I was astonished, especially at my and their reaction to "The Big House." In this picture I was transported to the inside of a



Pioneers resting, in Raoul Walsh's Fox Movietone production, "The Big Trail," one of the new "better" pictures

great penal institution where men were crowded together in cells, the old with the young, where one-crime persons bunked with hardened men of many crimes. Idleness had laid its finger on the prisoners. Unrest was in the air. And finally there came a great break for freedom, a break which was inevitably doomed to disappointment but which came nevertheless with fury, with human wills clashing with each other, with tragic stubbornness on one hand and sublime defense of law on the other.

My sympathies were with the prisoners and yet never once was my sympathy altered for the law. Without questioning the justification for their imprisonment I sympathized with the men simply as human beings. The great problem of prisons was presented dramatically and forcefully to me as it had never been presented before. I was entertained; I was instructed; and my companions felt the same as I did about it. Something, we agreed, must have happened in the motion picture industry. It couldn't be an accident that three such pictures, based on three such varied and delicate themes, could be presented in the same week, and that they could be dramatic, interesting, and in such good taste as to leave one with the feeling of three evenings well spent.

On the trail of that "something", I set out to talk to my friend Carl E. Milliken twice Governor of Maine and now secretary of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of



A scene from the rail-splitter's courtship days in "Abraham Lincoln" Courtesy of United Artists





Governor Carl E. Milliken,  
secretary of the Motion Picture  
Association

Like the good New Englander he is, he answered my question with a question of his own. "Have you heard of the new production code, Joe?" which my old friend, Will Hays, is the president.

"What is it?" I asked Milliken. "What have you done to pictures? What's happened?"

Of course I had heard of it vaguely. Perhaps he had sent copies of its provisions to my office at the time of its adoption. I had glanced through it, recognized its value, hoped that it would be carried out, thought that on the whole, it would be good for pictures and for the public. Beyond that I knew nothing about it, nothing of its actual operation, nothing of its effect on pictures themselves. This I admitted frankly.

"Then perhaps I can tell you what the code is by telling you how it worked in connection with 'The Big House,' which you have seen," he said. "The idea of taking into account the sociological implications of a play and of considering the probable influence of the picture on the minds of people who see it, is something new in the theatre's history. Yet that is exactly what happened in this case. When the producers of that picture, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, decided to make a picture based on current prison conditions, a problem currently in the public mind and, therefore, of added box office value, the studio asked itself this question: 'Can we produce a picture which will be amusing, entertaining and dramatic, and at the same time present a drama that will have a healthful effect in solving the problem of prison management?' Of course their first thought was drama, for that is our business. We are not propagandists.

"When they had asked themselves this first question they called on our office for advice and asked us to find a man who was an authority on the subject of prisoners and prison psychology, one who could be in the studio while the story was being written. They wanted a man who knew at first hand the internal problems of the prisons,

one who could break through all the fog of misunderstanding and mystery about prisons and the cause of prison outbreaks.

"In discovering the man we were aided by various crime commissions and prison authorities. Paul W. Garrett, secretary of the Society of Penal Information and editor of the "Handbook on American Prisons," was engaged. Mr. Garrett consented to go to Hollywood and he was there for several months working day after day with the directors, writers, the producer, and the actors.

"The picture was built upon the premise of overcrowding, of idleness, and of mixing first offenders with hardened criminals. Officials of the prisons were not reproached. They were depicted as human beings, not as brutal, domineering, inconsiderate overseers. Nowhere in the picture is there any argument about why the men are in prison. It is taken for granted that they have broken the laws and that they must be punished. And when the final break comes, even the prisoners know that it is doomed to failure. At any cost, the law must be upheld, and though there is tragedy in the loss of life, that tragedy is not made doubly tragic by permitting escapes.

"One of the principal tenets of the production code," Governor Milliken continued, "is that the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown on the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil, or sin. In this picture, made under the code, you cannot help seeing how carefully this fundamental principle has been followed. Of course the general public is unaware of this careful oversight and planning. The public is looking for entertainment. Our job is seeing that that entertainment carries with it the fundamentals of good taste, of respect of law and order which subtly will have their influence upon those who see the picture, without blatant display which might spoil the complete enjoyment of the story."

This statement was to me an amazing one, as amazing, I might add, as a request which came to me a few days earlier from one of the legitimate play producers on Broadway to read two of his proposed plays for the purpose of telling him whether they had an appeal to the people to whom my Heart Throbs appeal. There has been nothing to my knowledge just like this in the history of the stage. I understand now how three pictures of such varying themes as "The Big House," "Lin-



David Wark Griffith, producer of the  
monumental film, "Abraham Lincoln"

coln," and "Outward Bound" might be produced and set before the public at the same

*Continued on page 153*



The Hon. Will H. Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., since 1922

# "Teachers"—As Plupy Sees Them

*In which a real boy expresses several very seasonable suggestions concerning the American educational system and defends some of the idiosyncrasies of boydom*

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

WELL, you see, me'n Skinny 'n Fatty has always went to the same school and has always been frends. Course we has had our fites, all fellers has, but when we has settled which was the best feller, we has been frends. Which is the best feller? Well, that aint for me to say, it might look stuck up and I don't like stuck up fellers.

if teecheers only knowed fellers better they woodnt be so mutch truble. they think all fellers is alike. now they aint enny fells jest alike. Fat likes to go round with the girls 'n Jim Wingit 'n Leese Moses two, 'n me 'n Skinny 'n Ed Tole likes to fite roosters 'n Beany lies to ride on haeks 'n dont care ennything about bantams or hens 'n Luke Man-nux likes to gobirdsegging 'n plug rocks. he can plug a rock rite round a corner 'n Potter Goram two he can stuf birds, 'n the Chadwicks all like to play baseball 'n football 'n fite like time only they get over it as soon as they have fit it out.

fellers is jest as diferent in school as they is in having fun and i shoold think that the teecheer wood know enuf to know it. but they don't never seem to know it. now Potter is the best scholar in everything. he is bully in arithmetic 'n just as bully in geography 'n speaking 'n natural history 'n writing 'n spelling 'n everything. Fat is prety bad in most everything 'n so, one day when we had speaking Fat was to speak 'n we fellers all xpected Fat to do feerful bad 'n peraps get a licking, but Fat he got up on the platform 'n spoke the Reek of River-mouth so good that most all the girls balled rite out. old Fat was the best of all. i spoke the one horse shay only old Francis stoped me and made me set in the corner with my face towards the wall for a hour, he said i spoke it so bad.

Beany is prety bad in most things only he is good in history only he can't tell the daits. I can't remember the daits of ennything xcept when Columbus discovered America which was in 1775. i learned that in the one horse shay, it said

"Seventeen hundred and 75  
George Secundus was then alive."

he was the same as Cristofer Columbus. most of the fellers don't know that, and so they can't remember as well as me.

Chick Chickering is good in most everything only he won't study arithmetic. i am best in grammer. they aint enny of the fellers as good as me in grammer. it jest comes easy to me. i tell you, old Francis aint never set me up in the corner for missing in grammer. i bet he wont never neether.

Pewt is prety bad in most things only he can draw maps better than ennybody and

write better two. Most every feller is best in something becaus it comes eesier to them. old Billy Robinson the horse trotter said one day some horses is ment to trot 'n some to gallup 'n some to pull lodes 'n they aint enny use to try to make a troter pull lodes or a big cart horse trot too forty, 'n i gess it is jest so with fellers. Tady Finton is a bully foot ball player, but he aint a good base ball player. Tomtit can run faster than most ennyone and is a good gymnastic but Book Chadwick can put him over every time in a fence rush.

I tell you fellers aint half so bad as teecheers think. of course they aint so good as girls. i woodent give 2 cents for a feller which was as good as a girl. girls is all rite and i gess



*We had a new teecheer 'n he untied the string and asked the feller which tied the string on why he done it*

all fellers is glad girls are good, but if a feller is going to be a feller he has got to be a feller and not a girl and he can't be too good. the wirst thing in the world is a sissy feller. i herd once of a girl whose father was disappointed becaus she wasent a boy 'n so he dressed her up as a boy and she went to school. the fellers didnt know she was a boy but they found out that she coodent fite 'n cried easy 'n coodent plug snowballs 'n once when two fellers was having a bully fite all the fellers was hollering lam him, paist him, she covered up her face and woodent look. so the fellers jest plaged him to deth until he had to leeve school. well, the next day his father came to school with her 'n she was dressed as a girl 'n she was the pretiest girl in school, 'n every other feller was mad with every other feller for plaging him the day before 'n they was more fites in that school in one day than in the whole term, 'n every feller wanted to go with that girl 'n carry her books 'n divide his gum with her 'n take her boatride and 4th of July picknick 'n skating 'n everything. only i wish i had went to that school so i cood have seen them fites.

If a teecheer treetts a feller fair he likes him

'n if he is licked for something he has did he don't feel mad after his licking is over 'n it has done smarting. but if he is licked terrible for a little thing like plugging a spitt ball or putting a pin in a nother fellers seat he feels mad a long time. and if a teecheer licks a feller good and hard with a ruler or a ratan stik he dont get mad mutch, but if he shakes hands with him with a pencil between his fingers or snakes him around by his hair, then a feller don't never forget it becaus it aint fair.

but the wirst thing is when a feller gets licked for something some other feller has did or gets licked for lying when he aint lied. a feller dont never forget that as long as he lives 'n a teecheer which has did such a thing aint never liked enny more. course if a teecheer sets doen on a pin he has to gump up 'n lam somebody rite off 'n even if he gets the rong feller it is wirth it to see him gump.

When a teecheer has licked the rong feller 'n finds it out he can make it all rite if he calls the feller up 'n tells him he is sorry 'n he needent recite in arithmetic for 2 days. i herd once of a teecheer which licked time out of the rong feller 'n when he found it out he give the feller a chance to lick him 'n the feller he done it that is he gave the teecheer 2 bats 'n then he coodent do it enny more 'n they was frends. gosh i wish old Francis wood give me a chance to lick him. i gess i woodent stop with 2 bats. it is pretty bad when a teecheer is parshal. course a feller dont care if he is parshal to the girls but when he is parshal to a feller all the other fellers is mad with him 'n mad with the feller too 'n so they lays for the feller out of school 'n lam him and in school they put ink on his comper-sitions 'n pins in his seat 'n hits him in the nose with pea blowers behind their geog-rephes when he is speaking a peace 'n he forgets his peace 'n has to set down. no feller can remember a peace when he gets a good crack on the nose with a pea blower. so the teachers favorits dont make mutch out of it ennyway.

Sometimes a feller is a favorit in the school 'n a favorit with the teecheer two. it aint very often that this is so. Potter Goram is the only one i ever knew like that.

a teecheer which likes tattletales had ought to be in jale. girls is the wirst tattletales but fellers dont care for them mutch, but when a teecheer incurages fellers to tell on other fellers he mite jest as well stop teecheing for the fellers will hate him forever and ever amen.

Sometimes a feller cant get the axent jest rite when he is reading 'n the teecheer will read it over to him rite, 'n holler at the



axedent part 'n the feller will try it again 'n will holler at the wrong place 'n then the teecheer will read it again louder 'n will holler fearful at the part with the axent 'n then the feller will try again and he dont know what part to holler at 'n he will holler as loud as he can on the whole of it 'n then the teecheer will



*No feller can remember a peace when he gets a good crack on the nose with a pea blower*

lam him because he thinks he done it on purpose when the feller is doing the best he can. when this happens every feller in school feels mad because he knows the teecheer aint fair.

teechers always talk as if fellers missed their lessons on purpose 'n didnt want to learn, but no feller ever missed on purpose xcept when he got mad 'n didnt think he was treeted fair. if the wirst scholar in the school dont miss for a week and then misses his lesen he feels jest as bad as enny feller cood, 'n then when the teecheer ups 'n tells him he knew he coodent keep from missing long it kind of discourges him 'n he dont never try enny more and don't like school 'n lickings 'n plays hookey 'n gets licked some more 'n then goes to work in a stable or in the factory or in the shoe shop. they is lots of good fellers digging in diches or shoveling cole 'n driving hacks that mite have been good scholars if they had been treeted fair by their teecheers. some of them was ruff fellers in school but most of them wood do ennything for the little fellers 'n that shows they was good fellers, 'n when they fit they fit fair which shows they was fair fellers. Course all teecheers wasn't like that but when we wood get a real good teecheer that was fair to all the fellers everybody wood learn like time and things wood be bully 'n then jest as everything would be going bully 'n it was fun to go to school the teecheer wood get a better place in New York or chicago or Boston or Concord new Hampshire or some other big place 'n the next teecheer we wood get wood incurage tattle tailing or wood lick for missing in our sums which aint most never fair.

I tell you when a feller has went to his room 'n set up till 11 oh elock studding his sums 'n cant get them rite ennyhow 'n then gets time licked out of him next day becaus he cant do his sums, it aint fair 'n the next time he will think if he is going to get licked ennyway he mite as well not studdy 'n go out 'n rase time 'n have as mutch fun as he can

before he gets licked again for missing in his sums. I shoood think any teecheer wood know better, shooodent you?

if a feller plays hookey or plugs spitt balls or a pea blower or puts pins in fellers seats or gum so that when they has set there a long time on the gum they cant get up or mud in his inkstand or puts a pin in the tow of his boot and reeches way forward 'n kicks a feller in front of him 'n makes him gump 'n holler fearful or ties his reading book together or puts pepper on the stove in winter or brings a snake or a mouse to school in his pocket 'n lets him out on the girls side or chalks cats heads on fellers backs or makes up fearful faces at the teecheer or puts greece on the blackboard or saws of the hind legs of the teecheers chair so that when he leens back he comes down whak or little things like them 'n gets caught he xpects to get licked and it wouldnt be half as mutch fun if he didnt kind of xpect to get licked. i have seen all of them things did in school and have did most of them myself.

a nother thing is fellers don't like to be shamed before the girls. sometimes a feller has did something and insted of getting a licking 'n having it over the teecheer puts a fool cap on him 'n makes him stand on the platform all the session and most always some visiter comes in and he is most shamed to deth. i have did this sometimes and a vister always come in 'n once it was my uncle Gilman. that time i got shamed 'n a licking two after i got home. it was a lot wirse getting shamed than it was getting a liekin' i am used to lickings. after a feller is shamed once he never is so mutch shamed again even if he does wirse things. i havent mutch shame left. i gess that is the reson i am so tuff. i shooodent think teecheers wood want to make a feller tuff, shoood you?

i don't beleeve enny feller lies for the fun of it. most always he lies because he is afraid to tell the truth and get a licking, but sometimes it is becaus he knows the teecheer wont believe him even if he tells the truth and so he thinks he mite jest as well lie and try to lie good 'n perhaps he will beleeve him.

I knew a feller once whitich tied a string to the button of a nother fellers coat 'n when the other feller was called up to resite his lesen it give him a aful yank. we had a new teecheer 'n he untied the string and asked the feller whitich tied the string why he done it, 'n he said he had a little piece of string with a loop on the end of it whitich had been tied

round a peace of chalk to make cereles on the blackbord 'n he was swinging it round 'n the loop fell rite round the button on the fellers coat. this was the feerfullest lie enny feller had ever told 'n we all xpected the teecheer wood snach him baldheaded. but the teecheer looked him rite in the eye a minute 'n said



*Fellers is lots better than teecheers think*

although this woodent happen in 2 million times i am going to believe you becaus i dont like to think enny of my pupils wood tell me a deliberit lie. the feller was so shamed that after school he went down to the teecheers house and told him he had lied and he never told enny more lies that is not very bad ones. that is what i call treeting a feller fair, don't you?

i tell you fellers is lots better than teecheers think they was and if they is treeted fair 'n get in currigment they makes good men prety neer always if not more so.

PLUPY.



*If he is going to get licked ennyway he mite as well not studdy 'n have as mutch fun as he can*



## Tickleweed and Feathers



Juror—I can't serve on this panel, Judge. Just one look at that man convinces me he's guilty.

Judge—That's not the prisoner. That's the prosecuting attorney.

Artist: "How do you like this picture?"

Visitor: "H'm—it might be worse."

"Sir, I hope you will withdraw that statement."

"Very well; it couldn't be worse."

"My wife never listens to me," complained a newly married man.

"Don't let that worry you, man," said the older one. "Mine did once and I got it in the neck."

"How was that?"

"I was talking in my sleep."

"Last night," said the youthful joker, in a mysterious tone, "I woke up with the strange impression that my watch was gone. I got up and looked."

"And was it?" asked his interested listeners.

"No—but it was going!"

"Did you enjoy the symphony concert?"

"Very much," said Miss Cayenne.

"Did you understand it?"

"No. There is a certain mental relaxation in something that nobody expects you to understand."

Mrs. Willis—So you aren't afraid of burglars? No doubt your husband has a revolver.

Mrs. Gillis—Yes; but I am so afraid of firearms that I have hidden it.

Mrs. Willis—Then what protection would you have in case of a robber?

Mrs. Gillis—My dear, the way that man will roar at me when he can't find that gun will scare any burglar out of his wits.

The Agent—I forgot to mention that in this country house you're buying there are two very old stained glass windows.

Mr. Newgilt—That won't matter. If they're stained too bad to be cleaned I can put in some new ones.

The guest—When I asked you if you had given me a quiet room you said that after 9 o'clock you could hear a pin drop, and now I find it's right over a bowling alley.

The night clerk—Well, can't you hear 'em drop?

Mrs. Gordon came into the house in a state of great alarm.

"Tammas, Tammas," she exclaimed, "there's a cow in the garden!"

"Dinna stand here wastin' valuable time," replied Tammas, "get back and milk it before it get oot."

Wife (to husband with very bad memory)—How annoying! The laundry people say they must charge more for handkerchiefs.

Husband—Why?

Wife—They say it takes such a long time to untie the knots in them.

An eminent doctor was in the witness box giving evidence on behalf of the prosecution.

Counsel for the defence looked in his direction.

"Doctors sometimes make mistakes," he remarked to the court.

"And so do lawyers," the medical man observed tartly.

The court began to take more interest in the proceedings and eagerly awaited the next sally.

"Doctors' mistakes," said the K. C. very deliberately, "are frequently buried six feet under the ground."

"Quite so," agreed the other. "But a lawyer's mistakes often swing in the air, you know."

Mistress: "And did you have a honeymoon, Mandy?"

Laundress: "We-e-ell, Rastus done he'ped me wid de washin' de first two weeks."

Constable—Here, you've been walking around this square for an hour, and it's 3 in the morning.

Jones—I've got insomnia, officer.

Constable—Well you can't walk about here—you'd better go to bed and sleep it off.

"I say, mamma," said little Johnny, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always," replied his mother. "They sometimes begin with, 'My love, I have been detained at the office again tonight.'"

Two friends met in mid-air.

"Fancy meeting you here!" said Tom. "I'm falling from my aeroplane."

"That so?" replied Jack. "I'm rising from my gas stove."

A colored agent was summoned before the insurance commission.

"Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Bos," said the darkey, "you suah said a mouthful. I knowed I couldn't sell it, but Ah didn't know the reason."

"He drove straight to his goal," fervently spoke the orator. "He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?" He paused for effect.

"A truck driver," came a knowing voice from the rear.

"How do you like your new French music teacher, Helen?"

"He's a very polite man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take such pains to improve on Beethoven?'"

"You can begin married life by paying \$2 for a license."

"That's what gets us into things, these easy first payments."

A colored employee of an express company approached his superior with the query:

"Boss, what we gwine do 'bout dat billy goat? He's done et up where he gwine."

Mother (lecturing Billy after the company had gone):—"Don't you know the difference between 'sufficient' and 'enough'?"

"Sure, mother!" answered the boy. "'Sufficient' is when a fellow's mother thinks it's time for him to stop eating dessert. 'Enough' is when he thinks it is."

Two negro soldiers were discussing the relative merits of their buglers. One of them said: "Niggah, when dat boy of ouhs plays pay call it sounds, zactly like de Boston Symponthy playin' de Rosary." The other replied: "Niggah, you ain't got no bugler at all. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips around dat bugle and plays mess call I looks down at nah beans and sez 'Strawberries behave. You're kickin' de whipped cream out of de plate.'"



# The Animal as an Inspiration in Poetry

*The humanitarian editor of "Our Dumb Animals" historically traces the treatment of lowly creatures in the works of the immortal bards of English and American literature, quoting appropriate poetical gems*

By GUY RICHARDSON

THE earliest extant writings in English literature are filled with mythological animals, such as the fiery dragon in the epic, "Beowulf" (c.1000), or birds, such as "The Owl and the Nightingale" (c.1230), though the first English Christian poet, Caedmon, (c.670) in his "Exodus," refers to the screaming of "the fowls of war," and the "horrid even-song" of the wolves. Early in the thirteenth century Layamon (c.1200) in the "Brut," a legendary historical poem, relates the dream of King Arthur,

"Then over the down to me  
Came a beast most fair to see,  
A golden lion,"

which bore the king over the sea till the waves parted them, and

"Then a great fish came to my need  
And bore me to land with speed."

In a curious satire on monastic self-indulgence, "The Land of Cockaigne," (c.1230) the poet recites a negative Noah's Ark:—

"There is no serpent, wolf, nor fox,  
Horse nor gelding, cow nor ox;  
There is no goat, nor swine, nor sheep,  
Never a steading, so God me keep!  
Neither stallions, nor mares for brood,  
The land is full of other good.  
There is no fly, nor flea, nor louse,  
In cloth nor bedding, town, nor house;  
There is no thunder, sleet nor hail,  
No vile earth-worm, nor e'en a snail!"

But later the poet enumerates as being there a long list of birds,

"That never slack, but use their might  
In merry song, both day and night."

The first great English writer, Chaucer (1340-1400), delighted in the voices of the birds, and in the Prologue to "Canterbury Tales" wrote these truly humane lines about the prioress:

"She was so charitable and so piteous,  
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mouse  
Caught in a trappe, if it were dede or bledde.  
Of smale hounds had she that she fedde  
With roasted flesh and milke and wastel brede,  
But sore wept she if one of them were dede,  
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:  
And all was conscience and tendre herte."

A contemporary of Chaucer's, Sir Thomas Clanvowe (— 1404?), is known to literary history solely by his poem, "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," a delicate and sweet composition long attributed to Chaucer.

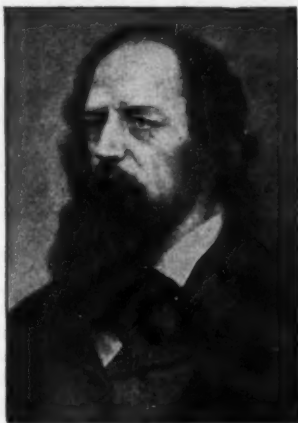
James I. King of Scotland (1394-1437) is another early poet to sing, in "The Kingis Quair," of

"The lytill suete nyghtingale."

On the fly-leaf of an old copy of the Prayer Book of King Edward VI. (1537-1553) was found written a Christmas Carol about "The Storke," and her visit on Christmas eve to the manger in Bethlehem:—

"Then from her pauntynge brest shee  
pluckd  
The fethers whyte and warm;  
Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed  
To keep the Lorde from harm.

Now blessed bee the gentill storke  
Forevermore, quoth Hee,  
For that shee saw my sadde estate  
And showed suche Pytye."



Alfred Lord Tennyson believed that "nothing walks with aimless feet"

In the "Faerie Queene," masterpiece of the second great name in English literature, Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), we find references to the "lowly asse," "milkwhite lambe," "birdes sweete," "wakefull dogs," "hungry wolves," "troubulous belowing bulles," "ghastly owle," "gentle payre of turtle doves," "chained beare," and "mounting lark," with many similes of the eagle.

It is Shakespeare (1564-1616) who makes 247 different references to the horse in his plays, and 13 more in his poems, 260 in all. His vivid description of the imperious horse in "Venus and Adonis" would be enough to claim him as a genuine lover of this animal, but listen to the words he puts into the Dauphin's mouth in Henry V. Act III. Scene 7, emphasized by being in prose:—"Nay the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues,

and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him."

I have not attempted to number the countless references to other animals and to birds that may be found on nearly every page of Shakespeare. Let us not forget that it is Shylock (Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Scene 1) who applies the patest adjectives ever used in feline description—"a harmless necessary cat." In "As You Like It" the philosophic exiled Duke shows his tender-heartedness in speaking to Amiens and the other Lords in the Forest of Arden (Act II. Scene 1, 11 22-26)—

Duke, Sr.

"Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city,—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored."

But I submit that even Cowper himself is anticipated in the thought of Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," (Act III. Scene 1) who, speaking to Claudio, says:—

"The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."

It is painful to recall that the same King James (1566-1625), whose name is linked forever with our English Bible, wrote a sonnet in January, 1616, complaining of the bad weather which hindered the hunting sports at Newmarket.

In "Paradise Lost," Bk. 7, Milton (1608-1674) gives a memorable description of the flight of birds, and in Book 8 asks,

"Is mother earth  
With various living creatures, and the air  
Replenished, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou  
not  
Their language and their ways? They also  
know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is  
large."

It is in a poem of a contemporary of Milton's, George Wither (1588-1667), that we find the expression ("Christmas," stanza 10) "Care will kill a cat." Another poet of this era, William Drummond (1585-1649) sings of the thrush, the dog, the "poore turtle," the nightingale, and, in an adaptation of Tasso, enjoins:

"O Doe not kill that Bee  
That thus hath wounded thee."

The poetry of Alexander Pope (1688-1744) is charged on a majestic scale with a sense of justice to the lower animals. His well-known "Essay on Man" contains a multitude of quotable stanzas, from which we choose but one, in which slaughter-house reformers and vegetarians may find equal satisfaction:—(Ep. I, 11.81-84)

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,  
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

"If our sports are destructive," writes Pope elsewhere, (The Guardian, No. 61, May 21, 1713) "our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhumane manner."

"The Seasons," by James Thomson (1700-1748), is another classic of this period which is filled with sympathetic references to animals and birds. He anticipates Cowper and Wordsworth, when he writes:

"The generous heart  
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain."

Five years later William Somerville (1675-1742), in marked contrast to the foregoing, wrote a vigorous poem, "The Chase," on the delight in hunting, which was widely republished.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), not mentioned in either of the recent anthologies, wrote sympathetically of dogs, cats, cattle and other animals, and, in "Hermit," stanza 6, these very up-to-date lines:

"No herds that roam the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn,  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them."

May we not fancy Goldsmith looking on with hearty approval as Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), in a well-known



Robert Browning was an active member of the Anti-Vivisection Society

scene, goes out to buy oysters for his favorite cat, "Hodge."

William Shenstone (1714-1763), who won the praise both of Burns and Goldsmith, wrote poems on nature. "The Shepherd's Home," after references to

bees, sheep, cattle, fishes and wood-pigeons, ends thus:—

"For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I loved her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

There are too many allusions to animals and birds in the famous "Elegy" of Thomas Gray (1716-1771) for us to pass him by:—

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
The cock's shrill clarion,"

and his poem, "On the Death of a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold-fishes," is a classic of its kind.

We come now to that trio of English poets who reached the loftiest heights yet attained, from a humane standpoint, in all the realm of literature. We would have done well to have confined this paper to these three men, and we trust that somebody, some day, will write a fitting thesis on "The Contribution to the Literature of Kindness to Animals by William Cowper (1731-1800), Robert Burns (1759-1796), and William Blake (1757-1827)." With them the shackles of artificiality are broken and straight from the heart, with direct language, they sing of the sufferings of the sub-human species and voice sentiments of sympathy and tenderness hitherto unknown in English or any other verse.

"The Task" came out in 1785, so Cowper has the distinction of being the first to sound this new note of the love of animals. It was no mere theory with him, for we read that he had two dogs, two goldfinches, two canaries, five rabbits, three hares, two guinea-pigs, a squirrel, a magpie, a jay, a starling, and, at least, one cat. Perhaps the last-named inspired the lines, "To a Retired Cat," in which the moral runs:—

"Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence."

But it is in "The Task" where we find such sentiment as this:—

"Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never,"  
and

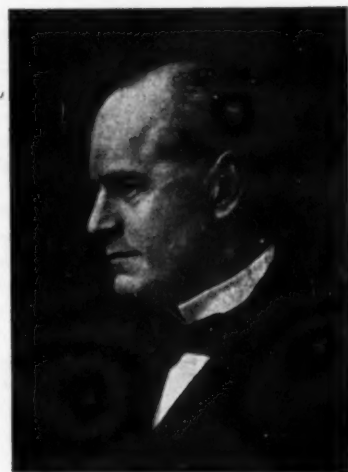
"Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your  
sons  
To love it too."

I have elsewhere called these four lines, also from "The Task," which *Our Dumb Animals* has carried as its motto for sixty-three years, the climax of humane utterances:—

"I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and  
fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

In the very year following the publication of "The Task," came from the

press in Kilmarnock that thin, immortal volume, "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," by Robert Burns, whom Carlyle calls "the largest soul of all the British lands." Seven of these early poems treat in unsurpassed sympathy of the lower animals by one who tells us, "I listened to the birds and frequently turned out of



John Galsworthy is one of the most outspoken of living writers on animal protection

my path lest I should disturb their little songs or frighten them to another station." "On Seeing a Wounded Hare," Burns bursts out in terrible invective:—

"Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,  
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;  
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!"

What a contrast in his mood when he ploughs up a field-mouse:—

"Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!"

And it is in the closing stanza of "To a Louse" that Burns pens the immortal couplet:—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

But one more year passes before William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" appears, followed, in 1794, by "Songs of Experience," both saturated with the tenderest references to animals. "Cruelty has a human heart," was the significant comment of the poet-artist. It is hard to choose from Blake, there are so many couplets that make complete quotations, such as:—

"A robin redbreast in a cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage."

"A dog starved at his master's gate  
Predicts the ruin of the state."

"A horse misused upon the road  
Calls to Heaven for human blood."

"He who hurts the little wren  
Shall never be beloved by men."

The fly, the lamb, and the tiger all come in for Blake's special notice in as many separate poems.



Keats (1795-1821) finds but comparatively indifferent poetry in nightingale and grasshopper and cricket and minnow, while Shelley (1792-1822) is at his best in the famous "Skylark." Yet neither of them, great poets though they be, sounds the humane note to be found in any one of these four contemporaries—Walter Scott (1771-1832), Coleridge (1772-1834), Byron (1788-1824), and Robert Southey (1774-1843).

Scott's fondness for animals, particularly for horses and dogs, is known to everybody, though it is in his prose rather than in his verse that the most tender references occur. In driving from Abbotsford to Scott's last resting-place in Dryburgh Abbey, a few years ago, when the car reached the top of a hill affording a superb panorama of the Eildon Hills, we stopped for a moment while the conductor explained that when Scott's funeral cortege passed over this spot the horses drawing the hearse stopped of their own accord, as when being driven by their master they had never passed there without being halted for him to enjoy his favorite view.

In John L. Stoddard's lecture on "Scotland" I came across these touching words:—"When Sir Walter Scott was sojourning as an invalid in Naples, he wrote repeatedly to his steward at Abbotsford to be 'very careful of the poor people, and the dogs.' On his return, also, his meeting with his old favorites was quite touching; and when the last sad days arrived, as his dogs came around his chair and mutely licked his hands, their dying master said farewell to them with mingled smiles and tears."

Trite though they seem, would this paper be complete without including Coleridge's simple yet sublime lines from the "Ancient Mariner," in which he makes the love of animals the corner stone of prayer:—

"Farewell! farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

Byron's championship of the oppressed included animals as well as men, and in the Memorial statue of him in London he is shown sitting with his head resting upon his right hand, while at his feet is a noble Newfoundland dog. His epitaph on his own "Boatswain"

"Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him  
alone,"

is known to every lover of dogs. In "Chillon" where he was cheered by the carol of a bird, made friendship with spiders, and watched the mice play in the moonlight, he says:—

"We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race  
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learned to dwell."

And Southey, the last of the quartet, who, in a letter, memorializes a pet cat, writing "On the Death of a Favorite Old Spaniel," rises to this lofty declaration:

"Mine is no narrow creed;  
And He who gave thee being did not frame  
The mystery of life to be the sport  
Of merciless man. There is another world  
For all that live and move—a better one!"

and in "The Dancing Bear," he anticipates the Jack London Club of a hundred years later by his vigorous protest:

"Bruin-bear  
Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,  
And prove how much my sympathetic heart  
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,  
In fourteen lines of sensibility."



Longfellow was ever inspired by  
dumb helpless creatures

In the best animal verse anthology ever published, now unfortunately out of print, William Wordsworth (1770-1850) is more often quoted than any other English poet, sixteen different selections being from his pen, many of them on birds. In "Kitten and the Fallen Leaves," after a vivid description of the kitten at play, he moralizes on gamboling "with life's fallen leaves." Wordsworth's most humane note, however, (always using "humane" with reference to animals) is struck in "Hart-leap Well," Part II:—

"Taught both by what He shows, and what  
conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Surely, Wordsworth must have known Cowper's oft-quoted lines about the man who "needlessly sets foot upon a worm," written when the former was fifteen years old.

Caroline Norton (1808-1877), who stoutly condemned child labor in "Voice from the Factories" (1836), wrote touchingly of horses, especially in "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed":—

"Will they ill-use thee? if I thought—but no,  
it cannot be;  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle,  
yet so free."

Far below Wordsworth, from our present point of view, comes the greatest of

the Victorians, though we are grateful for Tennyson's (1809-1892) broad humanity as expressed in

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;"

and

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;"

and, especially,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Philip James Bailey, in "Festus," a poem widely read for fifty years after its appearance in 1839, has these lines:—

"The dashing dog, and stealthy stepping cat,  
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe,"  
Were made in love and made to be beloved."

The gentle Mrs. Browning (1806-1861), whose sympathy for oppressed children is expressed in some of her finest verse, found a sermon in "My Doves," and addressed very tender lines "To Flush, My Dog."

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was one of the first great Englishmen openly to denounce the cruelties of experiments upon animals, and he was a vice-president of the Anti-Vivisection Society. His poem "Tray" was written in the interests of this reform. But it is horses that gallop through some of his finest work. No less a critic than Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that "for intense power of literary workmanship I know nothing in any language, that goes beyond these four lines" in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix":—

"For one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank."

The name of Arnold is ever associated with justice. Sir Edwin (1832-1904), both in the "Light of Asia" and, especially, "Pearls of the Faith," pays tribute to bird and beast, as witness this from the latter poem:—

"Therefore fear God in whatsoe'er ye deal  
With the dumb peoples of the wing and hoof."

while Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) points out as to birds:—

"Proof they give, too, primal powers,  
Of a prescience more than ours—"

and sings of "Kaiser,"

"With his collie face  
Penitent for want of race,"

and of "our little friend," "Geist,"

"All that gay courageous cheer,  
All that human pathos dear,"

but are not these lines surpassed in this, from "Atossa"?

"Cruel, but composed and bland  
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand;  
So Tiberius might have sat,  
Had Tiberius been a cat."

Indeed the cat fares well in Victorian verse, for does not Swinburne (1837-1909)

"the greatest of metrical magicians," in "To a Cat," speak of his "Stately, kindly, lordly friend," and ask her to

"Condescend  
Here to sit by me, and turn  
Glorious eyes, love's lustrous meed,  
On the golden page I read."

I suppose nobody will question that John Galsworthy (1867- ) is the most outspoken of living writers on animal protection, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw. While Galsworthy's most frequent contributions are in prose also, yet he does not overlook the subject in his verse, as in the poem, "Pitiful,"—

"You creatures wild, of field and air,  
Keep far from men, where'er they go!"

It is most gratifying to know that the present laureate, John Masefield, (1875- ) glorifies animals in two of his well-known poems, "Right Royal," and "Reynard the Fox," and, in "Tewkesbury Road," speaks feelingly of "the shy-eyed delicate deer," and

"The noise of the lambs at play and the dear  
wild cry of the birds."

Are not these lines from "Reynard the Fox," referring to Bill Ridden's daughter Bell, unsurpassed of their kind?

"So delicate these maidens be  
In loving lovely helpless things."

But surely Gilbert K. Chesterton (1874- ) has written the sublimest tribute to the humble ass, when he puts into the mouth of "The Donkey"—

"I also had my hour;  
One fierce hour and sweet;  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet."

And it is the universal Rudyard Kipling (1865- ) whose prose and verse constantly crop out in humane sentiment, who has penned the most touching words ever written on the dog:—

"Buy a puppy and your money will buy  
Love unflinching that cannot lie.\*\*\*  
Then you will find—it's your own affair,  
That you've given your heart to a dog to tear."

Perhaps no poet today is more imbued with the humane spirit than William H. Davies (1871- ) who cries out from his own experience, having received 50 shillings to sail with sheep on a cattle ship:—

"They sniffed, poor things, for their green  
fields,  
They cried so loud I could not sleep:  
For fifty thousand shillings down  
I would not sail again with sheep."

and elsewhere tells us:—

"Say what you like,  
All things love me!  
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,  
Bird, Moth, and Bee."

Of our own eight great American poets, Poe's fame rests almost entirely upon the inspiration he received from a bird, Bryant's numerous bird poems

reached a climax in his masterpiece, "To a Waterfowl," Emerson revels in the songs of birds, and cries out:—

"Hast thou named the birds without a gun?"  
and Lowell, also partial to feathered songsters, declares:—

"They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak."

The best verse Holmes ever wrote, "This is the ship of pearl," deals with one of the lowest forms of animal life, and he elsewhere speaks of



*Emerson reveled in the songs of birds*

"The pleading eye  
Of the poor brute that suffers,"  
and adds:—

"I will not doubt that He  
Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
The least, the meanest of created things."

Like Longfellow, Holmes loves to write of horses, though usually in lighter vein.

The incident of John Greenleaf Whittier, who had many pets including a parrot, a bantam rooster, and a gray kitten named "Puss," getting up at midnight as a boy and going out to rescue a turtle left swinging in the air by his playmates, recalls the well-authenticated acts of Lincoln, about the same time, in saving birds and animals from distress. Once Whittier was asked by a little girl to write an epitaph for her lost kitten. This was the result:—

"Bathsheba: To whom none ever said scat,  
No worthier cat  
Ever sat on a mat  
Or caught a rat:  
Requies-cat."

But Walt Whitman takes his animals far more seriously:—

"I think I could turn and live with animals,  
they are so placid and self-contain'd,  
I stand and look at them long and long."

and again:—

"I am enamor'd of growing out-doors,  
Of men that live among the cattle or taste  
of the ocean or woods,

Of the builders and steerers of ships and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the drivers of horses;  
I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out."

But it is Longfellow who makes by far the largest and finest contribution to the literature under discussion. How often he sings of birds and of the lovers of birds! In motion picture form, his "Bell of Atri" has been widely used as propaganda for the S. P. C. A., as has his "Birds of Killingworth" for the Audubon Society. The horse, the dog, the cattle, all inspire him, and we know that he had in mind Henry Bergh, founder of the first S. P. C. A. in the United States, when he wrote in "Tales of a Wayside Inn":—

"Among the noblest in the land  
Though he may count himself the least,  
That man I honor and revere  
Who without favor, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast."

Among our own lesser poets, no longer with us, Ella Wheeler Wilcox sounded the clearest notes for humane treatment of animals in verse familiar to all of the present generation; Edgar Fawcett, Katherine Lee Bates, Celia Thaxter, and John Kendrick Bangs are but a few whose names should be mentioned among those inspired to worthy verse on animal subjects, while Stephen C. Foster, of Southern melody fame, sang:—

"I shall never, never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray,"

and Dr. J. G. Holland wrote the oft-quoted tender tribute, "To My Dog 'Blanco.'"

Bayard Taylor, who found that animals in Barnum's menagerie responded to him when he spoke in Arabic, glorified the Arabian horse in unforgettable verse—"To a Horse")

"Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!  
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!"

Of our living poets, the dean and best-beloved of them all—Edwin Markham—easily stands at the head in his plea for animals. Listen to his own words: "In defense of these defenseless creatures, many of our modern poets have spoken in impassioned terms. I myself in 'The Fate of the Fur Folk' and in other verses have tried to cry protest against the immense cruelty of the steel-trap and other engines of animal suffering."

The popular Edgar Guest is outspoken in his interest in animals, especially dogs; birds and animals constantly inspire John Vance Cheney, Clinton Scollard, Christopher Morley, Denis A. McCarthy and Nixon Waterman; while tender feelings for suffering creatures characterize Lew Sarett, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Charles Hanson Towne, Hamlin Garland, and Ethel Fairmont. Joseph Auslander reflects Shelley's "Sky-lark" in "A Blackbird Suddenly," and Vachel Lindsay sings realistically of "The Broncho That Would not be Broken," and sympathetically in his "Dirge

*Continued on page 153*



## The Animal an Inspiration in Poetry

*Continued from page 152*

for a Righteous Kitten," while Arthur Guiterman delightfully lauds dogs, especially little ones.

There is plenty of poetry in animals, but nothing is surer than that it takes a real poet to see it and give it poetic expression. Yet there is a considerable body of fairly good verse being written today on the subject, as is proved by two anthologies that have appeared within three or four years: "Poetry's Plea for Animals," by Frances E. Clarke, and "Animal Lover's Knapsack," by Edwin O. Grover, both of which contain selections largely by recent or living American writers. The latter editor was "surprised to find how nearly universal" is the "spirit of fellowship for all living things on the part of the poets," and Miss Clarke quotes thirty living American poets "who are helping to create a new era for what is popularly known as the lower creation."

## Neary Camden's Pickled Sunshine

*Continued from page 141*

They could light their town any old way they pleased now, thanks to the good angel who had set him in that particular spot in the post office on that particular morning.

What emotion this glee may have changed to, when he subsequently slipped into his other flat and viewed the aggregation of old cans, broken glass and pieces of wiring which there reposed, is not reported.

At the same moment, in still another part of Kapisco, a light-haired, long-legged vagabond was near the point of death from choking, as he tried in vain to communicate something or other to the wife of the next mayor of that city.

"And to think," he chortled, "that we pulled it off with one of the old scoundrel's own dilapidated are lights. Beautiful!"

## New Era Opens in Motion Pictures

*Continued from page 145*

time and how they might have a wholesome, genuine appeal without the loss of drama.

"Does this code operate with every picture?" I asked. "You make six or seven hundred pictures a year on all subjects. How is it possible to get that kind of advice for every picture?"

"Of course, that sort of procedure is necessary only in unusual cases where the picture has great sociological importance," Governor Milliken replied. "Most pictures are simply entertaining, amusing pictures. The advice of the Association is available, however, for every picture made and that advice is asked for, since the code must be uniformly interpreted. Both on the West Coast, where most of the production takes place, and in the East we have studio advisers who are constantly in touch with every picture which is produced, giving the directors and writers suggestions based on



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eight years' experience in determining what the public wants, with a view to helping the studios interpret the tenets of the code which they have written."

The Abraham Lincoln picture showed Lincoln, the man, rather than the idealized President and, of course, the true Lincoln is much more interesting than the mythological figure. I asked Mr. Milliken about the background of the picture and he told me that the producers of the picture had been extremely careful in preparing their script. Stephen Vincent Benet, the young poet who wrote "John Brown's Body," one of the most distinguished narrative poems in American literature, was engaged to write the dialogue for the picture. Mr. Benet is a recognized authority on Lincoln.

Walter Huston, a noted actor, was engaged for the title role and he spent several months on his make-up alone as he was called upon in the picture to represent Lincoln as a young man, Lincoln in the Lincoln-Douglas debate days, and Lincoln the martyred President.

"The producers didn't propose to pussy-foot history," Governor Milliken said. "They contend, as do the historians of rank, that nothing which falsifies history is educational. They wished to present a strong and vigorous character against the rough background in which Lincoln was tested. We see him as a young rail splitter pulling off his coat and thrashing the bully. We see him in love as a young man, and as a man grieving for a lost love. We see him

*Continued on page 155*



## The Golden Rule Week

*The Second Week of the Christmas month to be more generally observed in 1930 than ever before*

**T**HERE is something about the idea of Golden Rule Week that is appealing. It is based upon the needs of childhood—and we have all been children. The world has progressed in this appropriately Christmas-time work, and continued it the year round. I have witnessed appreciations of the great outpouring and sympathetic heart of America among the children of the Near East, and during the War in various countries of Europe, in Mexico and South America. Of all the American attributes that have thrilled me in foreign lands, the greatest is the spirit of giving and helping children. Indeed, I have felt, as well as witnessed, this inspiring gratitude as it came from the hearts and lips of childhood, as they lisped their tribute to my country and its generosity. Golden Rule Week in itself is a glorious opportunity to exercise self-denial that children might be happy. To think that five cents will provide a meal for the needy children of Porto Rico, as reported by Governor Theodore Roosevelt, is enough to make us all, both old and young, feel like curtailing our own feasts that others may not be hungry and do something in response to our inward feeling of wanting to help others. The purpose of improving our own health may be served by merely holding up occasionally on our own lusty appetites and feed those who are



Feeding European Children



Wholesome centers for children of immigrant workers are provided

alloyed unselfishness and whole-hearted generosity receives a severe rebuff in the reports of the unprecedented enthusiasm that is greeting the Golden Rule Foundation on a nation-wide scale in its philanthropic work. This organization, inspired by the slogan echoing through the ages—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"—a universal rule revered by Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Modernist and Fundamentalist, and respected by atheist and agnostic, has launched under this immortal banner a campaign that is a credit to civilization itself.

Midway between the celebrations of Thanksgiving and Christmas takes place the annual observance of the International Golden Rule. The organization that fosters the observance

was incorporated by the State of New York in 1929, and in the same year its International Rule Sunday was a thoroughgoing success.

Elated with the unselfish support received on that day, the backers of the generous movement determined to extend the opportunity to serve childhood over a period of a week, designating the days from December 7 to December 14 of 1930 for the purpose, which period is styled "International Golden Rule Week."

Few organizations enjoy such a remarkable roster of eminent people as does the Golden Rule Foundation.

hungering for even the scraps of bread thrown from our tables. We need to burnish our philanthropic impulses now and then by digging a little deeper into the reserves of our own pockets and share what has been given us with the unfortunate. It has now become the custom to have a Golden Rule Week as a fitting overture to the glorious Yuletide that makes the birthday of Him who gave us the Child as the ideal of life when He proclaimed that undying and tender message to humanity: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The cynic who denies to humankind any vestiges of un-

Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, is Chairman, while Dr. S. Parkes Cadman adds the duties of the President of the Foundation to his busy schedule. On the Board of Trustees are the Hon. Joseph Daniels, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the Hon. Charles H. Tuttle, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, President Mary E. Wooley, and others of their quality. The entire official roster reads like "Who's Who in America."

The Golden Rule Contributions to the Foundation may be made with stipulations that the money be applied to the supreme and exclusive purpose of helping to feed children in all parts of the world.



Tagged for the government's Indian school, but in need of guidance



The effects of under-nourishment on these European boys, each ten years old





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THIS  
YEAR

### New Era Opens in Motion Pictures

*Continued from page 153*

as a struggling lawyer beset by duties, as a rising debater, as a man who thought himself a failure, and then finally as a man of destiny who was called by his country to help them in one of its darkest hours. Nowhere in the picture is there any soft-pedaling. Frankly there has been some criticism by a few thoughtless persons who thus display their lack of knowledge of the subject that Lincoln should be shown lifting a keg of whiskey and taking a mouthful from the bung hole—a mouthful which you will observe in the picture he promptly and impressively spits out expressing his opinion of booze. This scene is entirely compatible with the age and, in fact, this very incident is mentioned in many biographies written

of the Great Emancipator. The frontier life in which Lincoln was reared was hard and rough, and the frontiersmen got their release from heavy drinking. Such an episode, therefore, is essential to the understanding of the rough community in which Lincoln grew up. Any man in his day who couldn't prove himself superior physically as well as mentally would never have risen as Lincoln rose. He had to be vigorous, forceful, temperate and unafraid. He was not born and brought up in luxury, nor was he educated at Yale or Harvard. Therefore, it is infinitely more to his credit, as the picture forcefully brings out, that he came from a backwoods cabin and struggled valiantly from childhood to manhood against every kind of obstacle."

The picture "Outward Bound," Mr. Milliken added, was based on a very popular play which was produced in London several years ago and which was later produced in this country by the Theatre Guild. Many of the members of the original cast were reassembled for the picture and in fact everything possible was done by the studio to create the atmosphere which the story required.

I cannot help believing with three such notable examples before me that the motion picture industry is serious in its determination to produce pictures true to life, in good taste, entertaining, and convincing. My only worry is that I may have been over-persuaded and that too many of my hours in the future will be spent in the theatre—provided, of course, the pictures I saw are typical of what we may expect hereafter.

When I came out of the sound theatre I heard the echoes of voices—fitting in scenes associated with another world from that I which I work day by day. It had taken me far afield from myself. Contrasts were sharp—from the grim "Big House" and suggestions of hell, to "Outward Bound with its filmy vision of a strange Heaven and the hereafter. Then on to the mundane thrills of "The Big Trail" which brought memories of my friend, the late Emerson, and his epochal "Covered Wagon." The emotions of adventures that we may never experience in our circle were awakened in the stirring scenes which Raoul Walsh has given us of the winning of the West. Then came the climax, "Abraham Lincoln" in which David W. Griffith, the pioneer of the big pictures on the silver screen, suffuses the atmosphere of a great human soul in the everyday activities of life, that transcends all the pageantry of royal splendor. The scope covered in these four outstanding sound pictures seemed to touch the four quarters of the globe in their human appeal for that something outside of ourselves that in the days of Omar Khayyam was encompassed in the Arabian Nights. Humans have ever longed to look over beyond the horizon of the realities in their own lives.

Altogether 1930 has been a notable year in sound picture production, which points the way for ever greater achievements in a great industry that brings scenes and sounds very close to the hearts of the people.

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# What's In The Magazine These Months

by Donald Kingery Carroll

## IN THIS ISSUE

No December number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE would be complete without the many messages of good cheer from eminent people the world over, friends of Joe Mitchell Chapple. From Mexico came a telegram from President Rubio, which, though we could not at once translate it literally, seemed to glitter with happy yuletide thoughts. Vice-President Curtis took the time to write a message from Washington, while leaders everywhere and in all walks of life expressed hopeful greetings to the readers of the NATIONAL, among the message-senders being playwrights, business men, authors, financiers, governmental officials, clergymen, and educators. This yearly feature of the magazine is probably unique in journalistic annals—comprising a real symposium of the Christmas thoughts of many of the world's best minds.

Closely akin to the awe inspired in childhood when it is considered that great plants grow from small seeds, is the feeling when one contemplates great institutions that have developed from small beginnings. A quarter century ago Gleason Leonard Archer, a young man from Maine, determined to tutor his working friends in the study of law. From that determination has grown one of the largest law schools in the world, Suffolk Law School of Boston, with an enrollment today of two thousand men, few of whom would probably have the chance to pursue legal studies had not the good Dean for many long years fought unflinchingly for the life of his school. The story of Dr. Archer, how he created and fostered the institution and how now he is influencing legal thought over the country, should prove an inspiration and a word of encouragement to those who face seemingly insurmountable obstacles to the fulfillment of their life-work.

One of the most amusing pieces that have come from the pen of Wilbur Daniel Steele, the noted novelist, is "Neary Camden's Pickled Sunshine," printed in this issue. It is the story of one Milo Tait who, prodged on by an ambitious wife and aided by an ingenious friend, stumbled his way into the mayoralty chair of the city of Kapisco.

Plupy Shute's third essay directs some hearty blows at a defect in many schools of today—the lack of a sympathetic touch between teacher and pupil. The school-boy has had few defendants during the history of civilization, perhaps because by the time he has grown to the stage where he can effectively take up the cudgel on behalf of the young pupil, his point of view has been considerably altered, being more nearly that of the teacher; but Judge Shute has somehow preserved the outlook of youth and herein takes up the brief for boydom in the startlingly unscholarly language of Plupy.

It is refreshing to those who have feared the effects of the motion pictures on the public to hear that a new and ethical production code has been adopted by the Motion Picture Association and has operated in some of the best pictures of the past year. Under this code, an attempt is made to study the effects of a particular presentation on the mind of the motion picture public, an investigation often held under the supervision of an experienced psychologist. If it is found that the play tends to exert a harmful influence, that the criminal is glowingly portrayed, or that the good is not made sufficiently attractive, the picture is accordingly altered. Is this a new order of things? Has the cinema finally assumed its ethical obligations to the people and determined to be a positive agency for good? If so, the American people should be mighty thankful for this new movement, described in the article entitled "New Era Opens in Motion Pictures."

A remarkably sympathetic and scholarly discussion of "The Animal as an Inspiration in Poetry" is made by Guy Richardson, secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and editor of *Our Dumb Animals*. Culling brilliant poetical bits from the works of the immortals of American and English litera-

ture, Mr. Richardson's treatment suggests conclusions that are most satisfying to the animal-lover. Almost all of the literary immortals seem to have derived a goodly portion of their inspiration from dumb creatures.

The death of the Hon. T. Coleman duPont last month directed renewed attention to the duPont Boulevard in Delaware, which he constructed at his own expense, an enduring monument to an exceptional citizen. This model road is part of a network that spreads over the Diamond State and evidences the fact that better roads mean better business. Unquestionably, Delaware's roads are among the best in America, and the history of its highway development, lead by the late Senator duPont, should prove a challenge to civic leaders of other states.

The regular features of the magazine are continued in this issue. Carleton Harper reviews plays on Broadway, Nixon Waterman poetically "hits the high spots," and Joe Mitchell Chapple describes national affairs. A propos of Christmas: those who would like to obtain complete and inexpensive copies of two of the recent features in the NATIONAL may now buy "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" in the Liggett Stores and "Face to Face with our Presidents" in the Kresge Stores, both by the editor.

## IN COMING ISSUES

Beginning in the January number and continuing through the first part of 1931, a thrilling serial by that prolific and outstanding novelist, E. Phillips Oppenheim, will be given in this magazine. In "A Daughter of the Stars" is unfolded the story of an Englishman who, seeking adventure on the island of Astrea, discovers the natives in the midst of the excitement of a weird religious ceremony, in which a victim is to be offered to the gods. He finds that this victim is a beautiful American girl—which situation is sufficient for an author of Mr. Oppenheim's quality to work out an intensely interesting tale. Another novelist, Arthur Wallace Peach, offers in the next number a short story entitled "Cap Benton's Son," an exciting narrative of firefighters.

Old time readers of the NATIONAL may recall that the editor has always been a fervent advocate of Florida. During the past month he attended the testimonial dinner tendered Opie Read, the eminent author, at Howey-in-the-Hills, Florida, and returned to Boston with renewed enthusiasm for the Flower State, enthusiasm which has crystallized into an article that will appear next month as "Florida of the Present."

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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

952 956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts  
Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice at Boston, Massachusetts, under the act of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year 25 Cents a Copy

Printed by the Chapple Publishing Company, Limited  
Boston, U. S. A.

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## The Diamond State, a Highways Pioneer

Continued from page 135

are all privately owned, according to the traditions of the early settlers, but, as my companion remarked, the people all seem to be pretty comfortably buried.

Representing a composite of industry and agriculture, Delaware in some ways has been an undiscovered state. There are large areas of land being developed into profitable farms. In some cases Horace Greeley's advice of "Go West, young man" has been reversed, for many young farmers have emigrated from the West into Delaware to purchase farms, insisting that small farming brings more profits here than in the West. The land is much cheaper in proportion to the possibi-

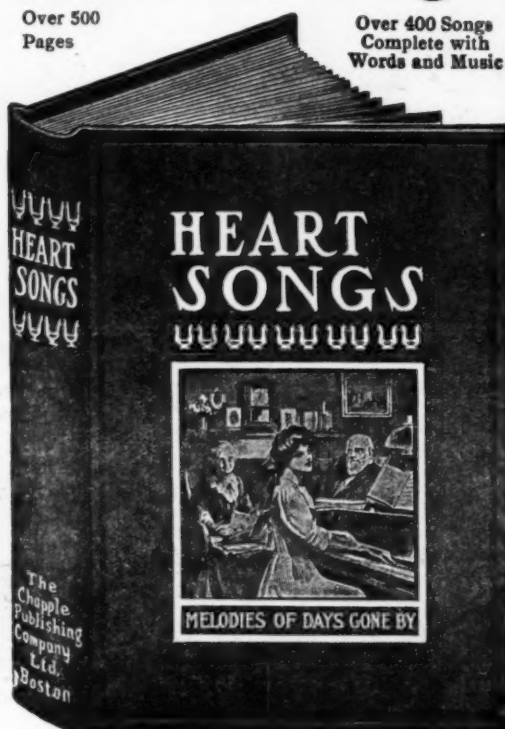
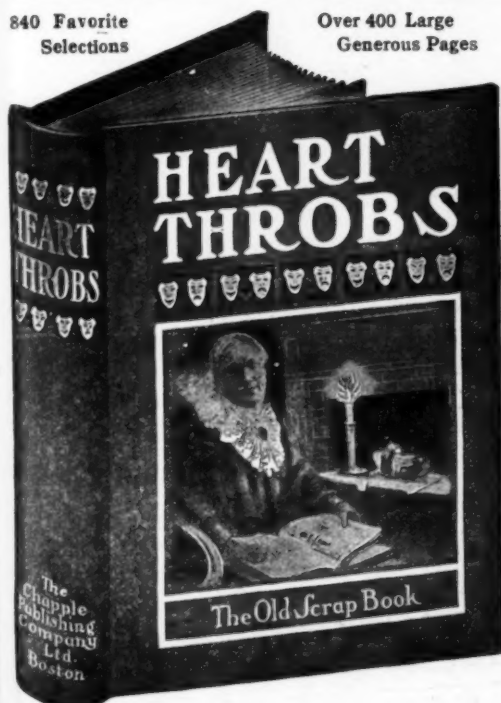
ties of production. The close proximity to the largest markets in the United States, which can be reached by motor trucks, is another important factor in the farm relief situation. Millions of people living within a few hours of these quaint little retreats in Delaware indicate great possibilities in the future of opportunities for city folk to get back to the land and have a little farm and country home within a short motor ride of the metropolis of the country.

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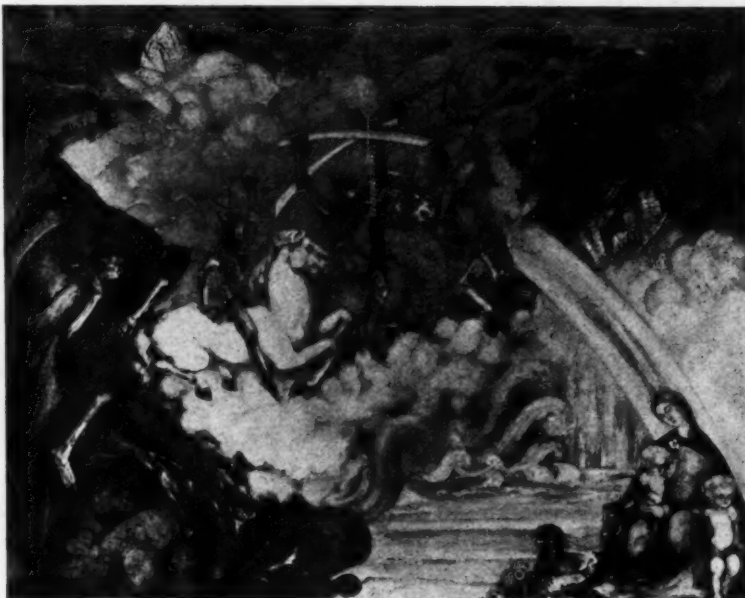
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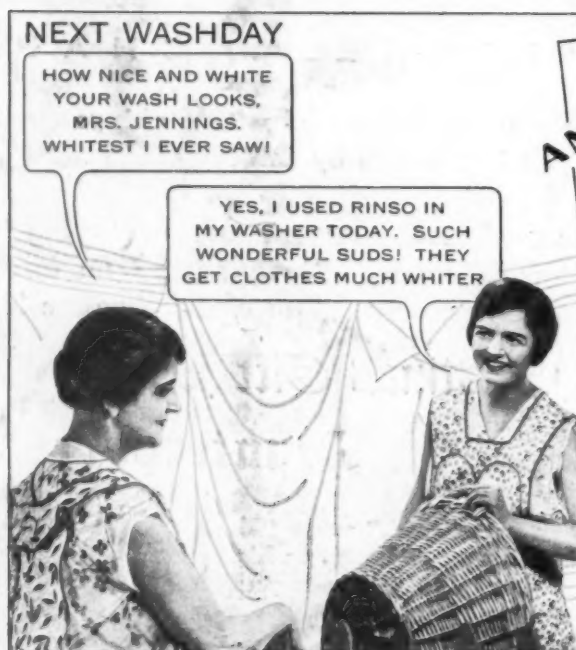
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